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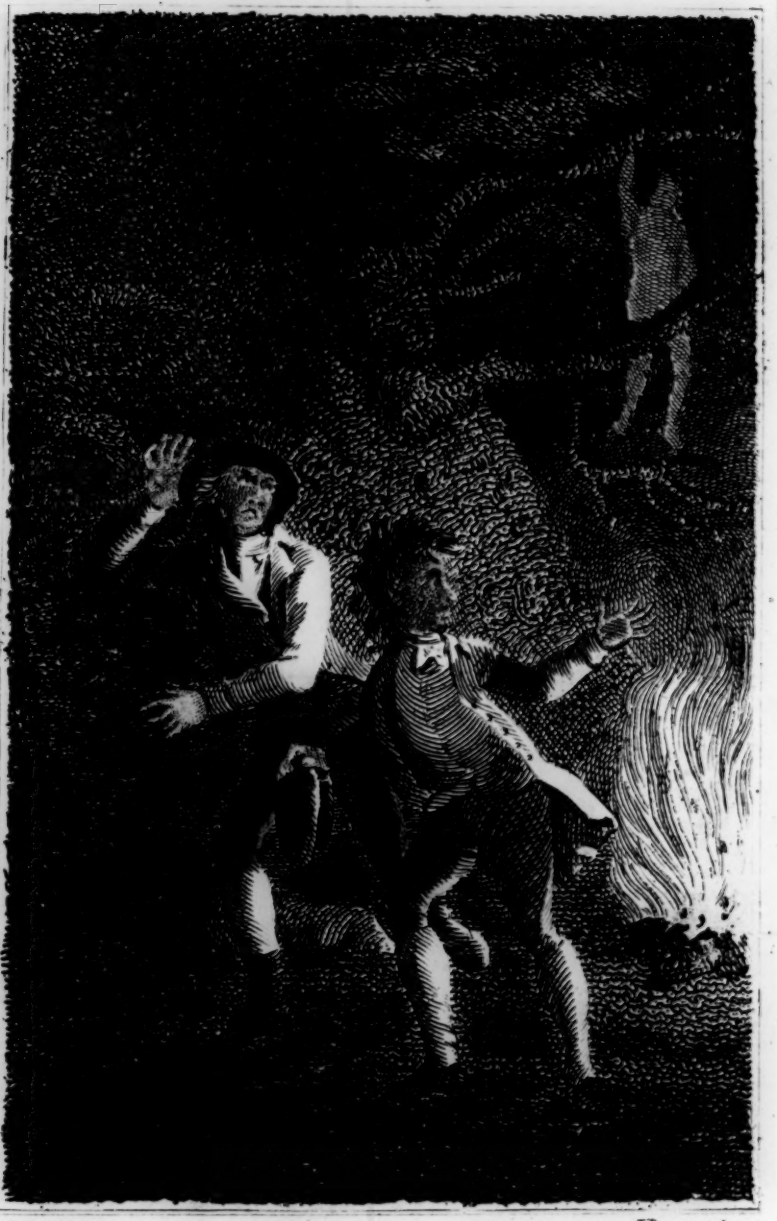

Barnes del. J. Brown sculp.

Unhappy wretches! you will certainly come to the same end with me Page 6.

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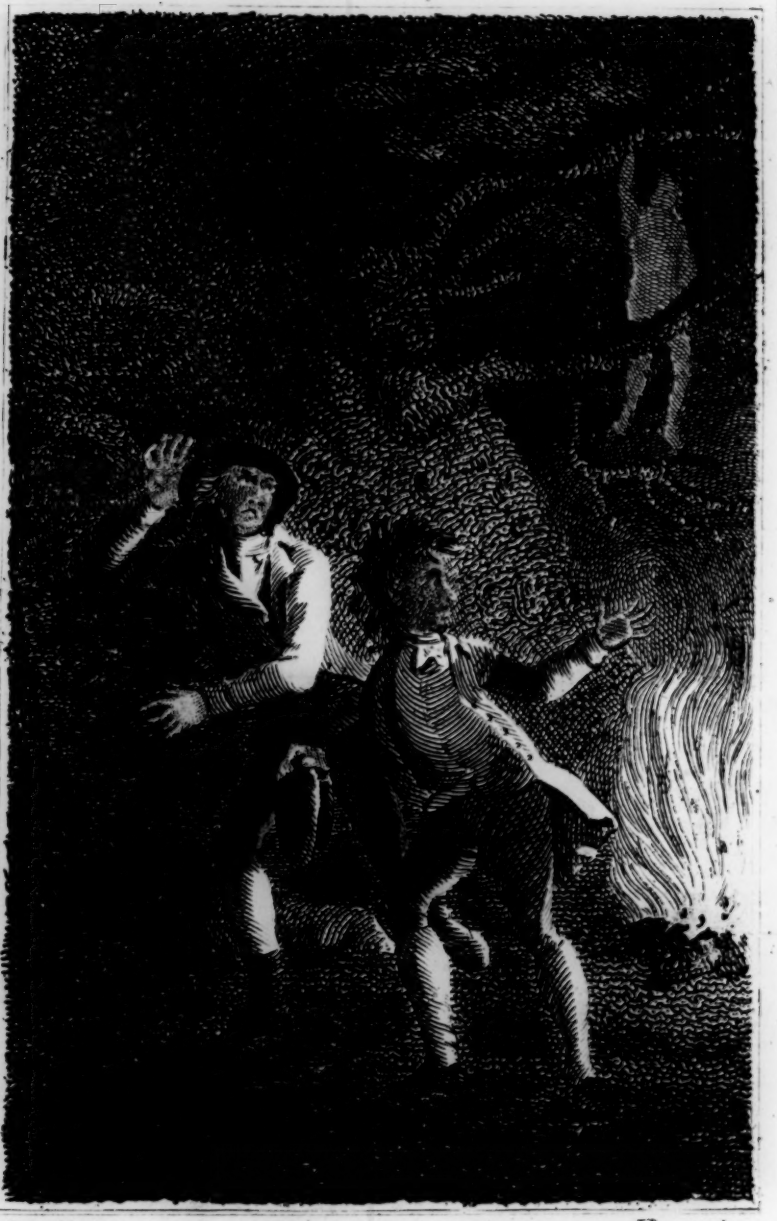

Barnes del. J. Brown sculp.

Unhappy wretches! you will certainly come to the same end with me Page 6.

FISHER's Cheerful Companion

TO

PROMOTE LAUGHTER;

BEING A

HUMOROUS COLLECTION

OF

Intereſting Stories

FOR A

Winter's Evening Fireſide;

OR

AMUSEMENT

FOR

Summer, in a Shady Retreat.

CONTAINING THE STORIES OF

The Three Dexterous Thieves,	The Fortunate Peaſant,
The Wiſhes,	The Two Rogues,
The Widgeon,	The Humorous Miller,
The Lucky Diſaſter,	The Adventures of Scaramouch
The Hunch-back'd Minſtrels,	The Unfortunate Spaniard,
The Conjurer,	The Ghoſt,

AND

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE on the WEDDING NIGHT.

If you wiſh for to paſs a dull hour away,
Purchaſe this Cheerful Companion, I pray.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY S. FISHER,

No. 10, ST JOHN's LANE, CLERKENWELL;

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T. HURST, No. 32, Paternoſter Row;

1800.

Price Sixpence.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE STORY OF

HAMET, BERARD, AND TRAVERS;

OR THE

Three Dexterous Thieves.

THREE rogues, in the vicinage of *Lan*, uniting the ingenuity of their talents, had for a conſiderable time put both monks and laymen under contribution. Two of them were brothers; their names *Hamet* and *Berard*. Their father, who had followed the ſame profeſſion, had juſt finiſhed his career at the gallows. The name of the third was *Travers*. They never robbed or murdered; but only purſued the buſineſs of pilfering and kidnapping; in which they arrived to an aſtoniſhing degree of ingenuity.

As they were walking together one day in the wood of *Lan*, and talking of their ſeveral feats of dexterity, *Hamet*, the eldeſt of the two brothers, eſpied at the top of a lofty oak a magpie's neſt, and ſaw the mother fly into it. "Brother," ſaid he to *Berard*, "what would you ſay to a perſon that ſhould propoſe to go and take the eggs from under that bird without alarming it?"—"I ſhould tell him," anſwered the younger brother, "that he was a fool, and propoſed a thing impoſſible to be done."—"Well, learn my friend, that he who cannot accompliſh ſo practicable a theft, is but a booby in his profeſſion. Obſerve me." This ſaid, he immediately climbs the tree. Having reached the neſt, he makes a hole in it underneath, receives ſoftly in his hand the eggs, as they ſlip through the opening, and brings them down, deſiring his companions to obſerve that not a ſingle egg was broken. "By my ſoul," cries *Berard*, "I muſt allow you to be an incomparable thief; but if you could go and replace the eggs under the mother, as quietly as you have taken them from her, we ſhould acknowledge you our maſter."

Hamet accepts the challenge, and again mounts the tree; but his brother deſigned a trick upon him. The latter, as ſoon as he ſees the other at a certain height, ſays to *Travers*: "You have juſt been a witneſs to *Hamet*'s dexterity; you ſhall now ſee what I can do in the ſame way." He inſtantly climbs the tree, and follows his elder brother from branch to branch; and while the latter has his eyes fixed upon the neſt,

entirely taken up with his deſign, and watching every motion of the bird, the ſlippery rogue looſens his trowſers, and brings them down as a ſignal of triumph. *Hamet*, in the mean time, contrives to replace all the eggs; and coming down, looks for the praiſe due to ſo clever an exploit. "O, you want to deceive us," ſaid *Berard*, bantering him; "I'll wager that you have concealed the eggs in your trowſers." The other looks, ſees that his trowſers are gone, and ſoon finds out the trick of his brother. "Excellent rogue," ſays he, "to outwit another!"

As for *Travers*, he was loſt in equal admiration of theſe two heroes, and could not determine which had the advantage. But he felt himſelf humbled at their ſuperiority; and piqued at not being able to contend with them, cried, "Friends, you are too knowing for me. You would eſcape twenty times, when I ſhould be the ſcape-goat. I perceive that I am too awkward to thrive in this buſineſs; ſo I ſhall go and follow my own trade. I renounce thieving for ever. I have good ſtrong arms, and will return home and live with my wife. With the help of God, I ſhall be able to procure a ſubſiſtence." He fulfilled his declaration, and returned to the village. His wife loved him; he became an honeſt man, and ſet himſelf to work with ſo much induſtry, that at the cloſe of a few months he had earned wherewithal to buy a hog. The animal was fattened at home. At Chriſtmas he killed it; and having hung it in the uſual way, againſt the wall, he went into the fields. But it would have been much better for him to have ſold it. He would then have ſaved himſelf a vaſt deal of uneaſineſs.

The two brothers, who had not ſeen him ſince their ſeparation, came at this very time to pay him a viſit. The wife was alone ſpinning. She told them, that her huſband was juſt gone out, and that he would not return till night. With eyes accuſtomed to examine every thing, you might have ſworn the hog could not eſcape their notice. "Oh, ho!" ſaid they, on going out, "this fellow is going to regale, and did not think us worth inviting. Well, we muſt carry off his pork, and eat it without him." The rogues then laid their plot; and till night ſhould enable them to act, they went and concealed themſelves behind a neighbouring hedge.

At night, when *Travers* returned, his wife told him of the viſit ſhe had received. "I was much alarmed," ſaid ſhe, "at being alone with them; they had ſo ſuſpicious an appearance, that I did not venture to aſk either their name or buſineſs. But they ſearched every corner with their eyes; I don't think a ſingle peg eſcaped their notice."—"Ah! it muſt have been my two queer companions," cried *Travers* in great trouble; "my hog is loſt; and I now heartily wiſh that I had ſold him."—"We have ſtill a reſource," ſaid the wife. "Let us take down the pork, and hide it ſomewhere for the night,

To-morrow morning you may conſider what is to be done." *Travers* adopted his wife's advice. He took down the pork, and laid it under the bread-oven, at the oppoſite end of the room; after which he lay down, but not with his mind perfectly at eaſe.

Night being come, the two brothers arrived to accompliſh their project; and while the eldeſt kept watch, *Berard* began to penetrate the wall in that part where he had ſeen the pork hanging. But he quickly perceived that nothing was left except the ſtring by which it was ſuſpended. "The bird is flown," ſaid he; "we are come too late." *Travers*, whom the dread of being robbed kept awake, thinking he heard a noiſe, waked his wife, and ran to the oven to ſee if the pork was ſtill ſafe. He found it there; but as he was alſo apprehenſive for his barn and ſtable, he determined to make the circuit of them; and went out armed with a hatchet. *Berard*, who heard him go out, took the advantage of that opportunity to pick open the door; and approaching the bed, and counterfeiting the voice of the huſband, "*Mary*," ſaid he, "the pork is removed from the wall; what have you done with it?" "Don't you remember, then, that we put it under the oven," anſwered the wife; "what, has fear turned your brain?" "No, no," replied the other, "I had only forgot. But ſtop, I will ſecure it." In ſaying which, he lifts the pork upon his ſhoulders, and runs off.

After having gone his rounds, and viſited carefully his doors, *Travers* returned to the chamber. "I have got a huſband," ſaid the woman, "who, it muſt be confeſſed, has a curious head upon his ſhoulders; to forget one moment what he had done with his pork another." At theſe words *Travers* ſet up a cry; "I told you they would ſteal it from me; it is gone, and I ſhall never ſee it more." Yet, as the thieves could not be gone far, he had ſtill ſome hopes of recovering it; and inſtantly ran after them.

They had taken to a bye path acroſs the fields, that led toward the wood, where they intended to hide their booty. *Hamet* went before, to ſecure the way; and the brother, whoſe load was a conſiderable impediment, followed him at a ſmall diſtance. *Travers* ſoon came up with the latter. He ſaw him plainly, and recognized him. "You muſt be ſomewhat tired," ſaid he, aſſuming the voice of the elder brother; "give me the load, and let me take my turn." *Berard*, who thought his brother *Hamet* was ſpeaking to him, gives *Travers* the pork, and walks on. But he had not proceeded an hundred yards, before, to his great aſtoniſhment, he falls in with *Hamet*.

"Zounds!" cried he, "I have been enſnared. That rogue *Travers* has taken me in; but ſee if I cannot make amends for my folly."

He then ſtrips himſelf, puts his ſhirt over his clothes, makes

himſelf a kind of woman's cap, and in that trim runs as faſt as he can by another path to the houſe of *Travers*, whoſe arrival he waits at the door. As he ſees him approaching, he comes, appearing as his wife, to meet *Travers*, and aſks, with a feigned voice, whether he had recovered the pork. "Yes, I have it," anſwered the huſband. "Well, give it me, and run quickly to the ſtable; for I heard a noiſe there, and I fear they have broke in." *Travers* throws the carcaſe upon the other's ſhoulders, and goes once more to make his round. But when he returns into the houſe, he is ſurpriſed to find his wife in bed, crying, and half dead with fear. He then perceives that he has been again cheated. Nevertheleſs, he was determined not to give out; and, as if his honour were concerned in this adventure, he vowed not to give up the conteſt, till by ſome means or other he came off victorious.

He ſuſpected that the thieves this trip would hardly take the ſame road; but he knew the foreſt was the place they would make for, and accordingly went the ſhorteſt way to it. They had, in fact, already got there; and in their triumph and eagerneſs to taſte the fruit of their dexterity, they had juſt lighted a fire at the foot of an oak, to broil a piece of the meat. The wood was green, and burned but indifferently; ſo that, to make it blaze, they were obliged to go and gather ſome dried leaves and rotten branches.

Travers, whom the light ſoon directed to the thieves, takes the advantage of their diſtance from the fire. He ſtrips himſelf entirely naked, climbs the oak, ſuſpends himſelf by one arm in the poſition of one who had been hanged; and when he ſees the rogues returned and buſy in blowing up the fire, he roars out with a voice like thunder: "Unhappy wretches! you will come to the ſame end with me!" The two brothers in confuſion imagine they ſee and hear their father, and think of nothing but their eſcape. The other quickly ſnatches his clothes and his pork; returns in triumph to his wife, and gives her an account of his recent victory. She congratulates him with a kiſs on ſo bold and well executed a manœuvre. "Let us not yet flatter ourſelves with too much ſecurity," ſaid he. "Theſe queer fellows are not far off; and ſo long as the pork ſubſiſts, I ſhall not think it out of danger. But boil ſome water; we'll dreſs it; and, if they return, we ſhall ſee what methods they will deviſe to get hold of it again." The one then made a fire, while the other divided the carcaſe, and put it piece by piece into the kettle; they both then ſeated themſelves to watch it, one on each ſide of the fire-place.

But *Travers*, who was almoſt exhauſted for want of reſt, and fatigued by the operations of the night, ſoon began to ſhow a propenſity to ſleep. "Go, and lay yourſelf down," ſaid the wife. "I will take care of the pot; all is faſtened; there is nothing to fear. At all events, if I ſhould hear a

noiſe, I'll give you notice." On this aſſurance, he threw himſelf in his clothes upon the bed, and immediately fell faſt aſleep. The wife continued for ſome ſpace of time to watch the caldron; but drowſineſs began to overpower her likewiſe; and at laſt ſhe fell aſleep in her chair.

In the mean time our thieves, after recovering from their alarm, had returned to the oak; but finding there neither pork nor man in chains, they eaſily unravelled the plot. They conceived themſelves diſhonoured, if in this conflict of ſtratagems *Travers* ſhould finally have the advantage. So they returned to his houſe reſolved, for the laſt time, to ſtrain their ingenuity to the utmoſt.

Before they undertook any thing, *Berard* looked through the hole he had made in the wall, to ſee if the enemy were upon their guard. He ſaw on the one hand *Travers* ſtretched out upon his bed, and on the other the wife, whoſe head nodded from one ſide to another, with a ladle in her hand, while the pork was boiling in the caldron. "They had a mind to ſave us the trouble of cooking it," ſaid *Berard* to his brother; "and indeed it was the leaſt they could do, conſidering what work they have given us already. Be ſteady, and reſt aſſured that I will help you to ſome of it." He then goes and cuts down a long pole, which he ſharpens at one end. With this pole he climbs upon the roof; and letting it down through the chimney, he ſticks it into a piece of pork, and raiſes it up.

Travers at that inſtant happened to awake. He ſaw the manœuvre, and judged that with ſuch expert enemies peace was preferable to war. "Friends," cried he, "you have not done right in breaking through the roof of my houſe; and I have alſo been to blame in not inviting you to partake of my pork. Let us contend no longer for the ſuperiority in artifice; for it is a conteſt that would never have an end; but come down, and let us feaſt together."

He went and opened the door to them. They ſat down together at table, and were heartily reconciled to each other.

THE WISHES.

THE duke *d'Oſſona*, viceroy of *Naples*, often uſed to take delight in walking through the city in diſguiſe, with no other attendant than one lacquey; in order to diſcover what were the ſentiments of the public in general with regard to his adminiſtration; not that he might puniſh them for their temerity in cenſuring his conduct, but that he might eaſe them of the

grievances they complained of, as far as was conſiſtent with his duty to his ſovereign.

As he was going his rounds one night, he perceived three ſoldiers ſitting upon a bench at the door of a public houſe, who, by their mirth and feſtivity, ſeemed in want of nothing to complete their happineſs.

The duke, who had a longing inclination to know the ſubject matter of their diſcourſe, diſmiſſed his lacquey, and joined the ſoldiers, who gave him a hearty welcome, and offered him ſhare of their liquor, which he accepted. When the bowl had gone round pretty freely, and many jovial ſongs been ſung, one of the ſoldiers propoſed to his comrades that, by way of paſtime, each of them in their turn ſhould wiſh for that which he thought would render him happieſt during the remainder of his life; "and to begin," ſaid the ſoldier, who firſt made the propoſal, "I wiſh I had the ſum of one thouſand crowns; I ſhould then think myſelf happier than even the viceroy himſelf."—"That is a mercenary wiſh," quoth the ſecond, "beneath the garb of a ſoldier; but for my part, I wiſh he would make me one of the captains of his guards; I ſhould then eſteem my lot preferable to his."—"If I might form a wiſh," cries the third, "I do aſſure you, that neither of your wiſhes would have charms ſufficient to attract me. The height of my ambition would be, to obtain a night's lodging with the vicereine, his ſpouſe. I ſhould then think myſelf far happier than both of you together."—"Come," ſaid they, addreſſing themſelves to the viceroy, "let us now hear your wiſh."—"I wiſh," ſaid he, "that I were viceroy. I would endeavour to render each of you happy in his wiſh."

"An hearty fellow, egad!" cried the ſoldiers ſhaking him by the hand, "though we would much rather forego our wiſhes, than change our viceroy; for 'tis impoſſible to live beneath a milder or a gentler ſway. All our wants are amply ſupplied; and he governs with the goodneſs and lenity of a parent."

This eulogium, though much ſhort of what he deſerved, was yet far from being diſpleaſing to the viceroy.

The ſoldiers now took their leave, in order to return to the garriſon; and the viceroy happening to meet, at that very inſtant, an officer who belonged to the guards, ordered him to inquire the names of theſe three ſoldiers, whom he ſhowed him at a diſtance, and what company they belonged to; and to bring him intelligence the next morning without fail.

The officer acquitted himſelf punctually of his commiſſion, and waited on the duke at the time appointed, with the intelligence he deſired; who ſent an order to their captain, to ſend thoſe three ſoldiers immediately. "Speak boldly," ſaid the duke, when they came into his preſence, "and take heed you do not deviate from the truth. What was the ſubject of your diſcourſe laſt night, at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch a place?"

The ſoldiers were aſtoniſhed, and began to gaze at one another, but dared not to make a reply. "Harkye, gentlemen," continued the duke, "to the point immediately, or I proteſt you ſhall all three be tied up to the halberds for your diſobedience." The ſoldier who propoſed the topic of wiſhing the preceding night, being the boldeſt of the three, took upon himſelf at length to be ſpokeſman. "My lord duke," ſaid he, "I confeſs we were diſcourſing together laſt night, at ſuch time, and in ſuch place as your excellency has mentioned; but our diſcourſe was general, and I really cannot recollect any thing in particular."—"The diſcourſe you then held was relating to me," ſaid the viceroy. "You know beſt whether I have been rightly informed. But let me adviſe you, once again, not to excite me to anger, by non-compliance with a known truth."

The ſoldier perceiving that the duke grew warm, thought he had better comply with his orders, leſt he ſhould, as he threatened, proceed to extremities. "My lord duke," ſaid he, "I will tell your excellency the ſubject of my diſcourſe at that time, humbly hoping you will be pleaſed to pardon the freedom of a converſation that paſſed over the bottle. My comrades and I, being in a merry mood, agreed, the more ſocially to paſs away the time, that each of us in his turn ſhould wiſh for that which would render him moſt happy for the remainder of his days; and I remember to have ſaid that the ſum of one thouſand crowns would render me happier than your excellency."

The duke ſent immediately for his treaſurer, and ordered him to pay one thouſand crowns to the ſoldier, who went away as happy as a man can be who is in poſſeſſion of all he deſires. "And you," ſaid the viceroy, turning to the ſecond, "what was your wiſh?" The ſoldier, emboldened by the duke's liberality to his comrade, anſwered without heſitation, "My lord, I ſaid, that if I was one of the captains of your excellency's guards, I ſhould eſteem my lot infinitely preferable to yours."—"Well," reſumed the viceroy, "you ſhall not have any cauſe to reproach me for being leſs liberal to you than to your companion. From this moment be happy in your wiſh. I will promote one of the captains of my guards, and you ſhall enjoy his place. And now," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to the third, "let us hear your wiſh."—"Ah! my lord," ſaid the ſoldier, trembling and confounded, "I hope your excellency will be graciouſly pleaſed to excuſe me. We were at the public houſe, where we drank ſo freely that we knew not what we ſaid; at leaſt that was my caſe."—"Speak," reſumed the duke, "immediately, and to the purpoſe, leſt I make you repent of your diſobedience." The poor fellow, well knowing the duke would be obeyed, replied, in a voice as full of quavers as an opera ſinger, "My lord, I was raſh enough to ſay, little imagining it would be brought to your excellency's ears,

that a night's lodging with the vicereine would render me happier than if I were to enjoy the wiſhes of both my comrades together; but, my lord," continued he, caſting himſelf at the duke's feet, "pardon, I beſeech you, the temerity of a man, who ſpoke without thinking."

The viceroy commanded him to riſe. "I am ſorry, friend," ſaid he, "that it is not in my power to grant your requeſt. If it was, you ſhould return as happy as your companions. All that I can do to ſerve you is, to ſpeak to her in your favour. Come, follow me." The poor fellow, trembling every joint, would have given both his ears to be well extricated from this dilemma; but the duke, who would take no denial, inſiſted on his following him to the apartment of the vicereine, whom they found at her toilette.

The duke having previouſly acquainted her with the ſoldier's wiſh, took him by the hand; and preſenting him to his lady, "This," ſaid he, "is the only perſon capable of making you happy in your wiſh. Obtain her conſent, and be aſſured, I ſhall not oppoſe your happineſs." The ſoldier hung down his head; and the vicereine, highly offended at his inſolence, would have ordered him the ſtrapado, had not the duke interpoſed, who ſent him away ſafe and ſound, thinking the mortification he would undergo, in not having formed a more reaſonable wiſh, in which he would probably have been indulged as well as his companions, puniſhment ſufficient.

THE

WIDGEON; A TALE.

JACK SAWWELL, as honeſt a carpenter as ever drove nail in timber, lived as happy a life as man could live, till his good or bad genius (I know not which) inſpired him to do penance for his ſins—I mean to marry. He married then; alas! the day. Mrs. *Anne* (for ſo the good creature was called whom he deigned to make bone of his bone) took great care, like the reſt of her ſex, to put on her beſt airs before marriage. You would have ſworn ſhe could not ſay boh to a gooſe; and yet, between you and I, ſhe was a very *Xantippe*. She liſped out "honour and obey," in ſo humble, ſo compliant a tone, that *Plumpjoles* the parſon, turning up his eyes to heaven in admiration, compared this couple to the primitive pair, and prayed heaven to ſhower down its choiceſt bleſſings upon them.

Well—the honey-moon, you may eaſily imagine, wained an uninterrupted ſcene of rapturous delights. Not ſo, egad! You are ſhrewdly miſtaken in your opinion. Madam, whoſe

temper, like a brooding tempeſt, had kept lowering a while, only to pour down with greater impetuoſity, began the very next day to give him a ſpecimen of what he was to expect *in futuro*.

Honeſt *Sawwell* aroſe the next morning, highly delighted with the paſſive obedience of his wife, and went to work as uſual; for he was an induſtrious pains-taking man; none of your holiday-makers. Before he went out, he gave his ſpouſe half a guinea. "My dear," ſaid he, "buy us ſomething nice for dinner, though it coſt a ſhilling extraordinary; let us go through the week as merrily as we began it." Would you believe it, Mrs. *Anne*, for once in her life, paid an implicit obedience to her huſband's commands. Probably, her paſſion for tit bits reigned predominant that day. That is the only reaſon I am capable of aſſigning for her condeſcenſion. To market ſhe went, and purchaſed a wild duck, as ſhe thought, and as the poulterer ſwore; but we can aſſure our readers, from very good authority, that it was nothing more than a widgeon; which bears ſo near a reſemblance to the wild duck, that none but connoiſſeurs can diſtinguiſh the one from the other.

When the huſband came, "my dear," ſaid ſhe, "what do you think I have bought for dinner?"—"I don't know," ſays he; "mayhap you have bought a gooſe."—"No," replied ſhe, "but I have bought as fine a wild duck as ever you ſet your eyes on." Having depoſited her duck upon a diſh, poured her gravy over it, and added the neceſſary garniſh of ſlices of lemon, ſhe ſerved it up.

The carpenter now returned from whetting his knife upon the ſtairs; and caſting his eyes upon the diſh, "Zounds! *Nan*," cried he, "why, ſure, you did not buy this for a duck!"—"Not buy that for a duck! Why, what did I buy it for then?" cries ſhe, toſſing up her head. "Why, 'tis no more a duck than I am a duck," replied the carpenter: "take my word for it, 'tis nothing but a widgeon."—"A widgeon! a fool's head!" cried his wife in a rage; "do you think I don't know a duck when I ſee it as well as you do? Beſides, the woman ſaid it was a duck."—"The woman is a lying jade," ſaid the carpenter, "I'll warrant you imagine the woman knows better than I do, who am a *Lincolnſhire* man, and have killed ſcores of them in the Fenns."—"Why now, only behold the obſtinacy of the man," cries Mrs. *Anne*, "why, I tell you again, it is a duck, and it ſhall be a duck."—"My dear," ſaid the carpenter, who had much of the philoſopher in his temper, "you do not conſider, that while we are ſpending our time in idle diſputes, the widgeon ſtands cooling."—"'Tis no widgeon, I tell you again," ſays the wife, "but a duck." "Well then, my dear," replied he, "let it be a duck, for peace ſake."—"For peace ſake, or not for peace ſake," continued ſhe, "it is a duck, and I will take my oath it is a duck."

"I own it," ſaid *Sawwell*, "it was I that was in the fault; let us agree to drop the diſcourſe, and do you cut up the duck." His wife, reſolving to have the laſt word, continued to harp on the ſame ſtring all the while ſhe was carving. "Yes," ſays ſhe, looking attentively at her huſband, "look as ſpiteful as you pleaſe, 'tis a duck."

Sawwell, who had loſt all patience, roſe from his chair. "Hang you, for a termagant huſſey, I have been fool enough to let you have your own way, for the ſake of a quiet life, and yet that will not content you, but you muſt be bringing up the old ſtory again. Hold your tongue, or, by George, I'll cuff you handſomely."—"Hold your tongue!" ſaid ſhe; "why ſhould I hold my tongue, when I know it is a duck? You cuff me! I defy you, you villain. Touch me, at your peril. I'll clapper claw you, you rogue. Yet, 'tis a duck. In ſpite of your teeth, 'tis a"—duck ſhe would have ſaid, but a ſtout box from her huſband made the word recoil again down her throat; and now a moſt dreadful combat enſued: pinching, ſcratching, tearing, cuffing, and bruiſing. The victory, which had long remained doubtful, declared at length in favour of the huſband; and the wife, totally defeated, fled into the ſtreet, ſtill crying out, "'tis a duck, 'tis a duck." *Sawwell* having lopped off a leg and a wing, marched away to the next public houſe, ate his dinner in peace, and returned to his evening work. When he came home at night, all was quiet; no mention made of the quarrel. They ſipped their lamb's-wool together, and went to bed; where Mrs. *Anne* conformed again to the doctrine of paſſive obedience, as ſhe had done the preceding night.

The next day, at dinner, "my dear," ſays ſhe to her huſband, "I hope in God, we ſhall eat our bit to-day with a little more comfort than we did yeſterday. You muſt confeſs, however, that you were in a very ill humour."—"Nay, my dear," replied the carpenter, "don't ſay ſo; it was the effects of your obſtinacy. Did I not deſire you to drop the diſcourſe? It ſeemed to me as if you took a pleaſure in contradicting me, and making me angry."—"Nay, but how was I to blame?" cried ſhe. "I only ſaid it was a duck; and a duck it was, that I am certain of."—"Come, come, *Nan*, don't begin again, but let me live peaceably and quietly, can't you?"—"With all my heart," replies ſhe. "I am ſure, if nobody loved quarrelling better than I do, there would be more peace and harmony in the world than what there is. But, however, I am certain as how it was a duck, if I was to die this moment."—"*Nan*, hold your tongue, once again," ſaid the carpenter, who began to grow warm. "Why ſhould I hold my tongue," replies ſhe, "when I know it was a duck?"—"Zounds!" woman," cried *Sawwell*, whom her obſtinacy had irritated, "if you will not be ſilent, I'll ſerve you as I

did yeſterday."—"No, that I will not," ſays ſhe, "it was a duck, and I will ſwear it was a duck." And now, an hearty cuff from the carpenter was the ſignal to engage. Mrs. *Anne*, with nimble fingers, ſeized with both hands upon a diſh, big with the remains of their dinner, and darted it at her huſband's noddle; but, by the interpoſition of ſome deity, the diſh took a contrary courſe, and fell among a ſet of china, which Mrs. *Anne* had purchaſed the day before. Three cups, two ſaucers, and the lid of a broken tea-pot, fell ſacrifices to her fury.

The carpenter at length, tired of waging ſo unequal a fight, ſeized upon a crab-ſtick that ſtood near him, which was a twin brother of that of the famous parſon *Adams*, of whom *Fielding*, in his excellent novel, makes ſuch honourable mention; and the victory, which had hitherto been doubtful, began to declare itſelf in his favour; when the appearance of the neighbours, who had been diſturbed by the uproar, put a final concluſion to the combat. By their friendly interpoſition, the breach was ſoon cemented, and they paſſed the enſuing night as lovingly as two turtles; but the next day, at dinner, the duck was brought upon the carpet, and a battle fought and won, as uſual; and from that time to this, not a day has paſſed, but has been productive of the like conſequences.

THE

LUCKY DISASTER.

IT often happens that thoſe events which we eſteem to be the moſt diſaſtrous and contrary to our wiſhes, are the very means which tend to accompliſh our deſires. The truth of this will be clearly evinced by the following hiſtory of an affair, which lately happened at *Paris*.

Monſieur *Mignard* was an eminent apothecary at *Paris*, who was left a widower at the age of fifty-five, with an only child, a daughter of thirteen years of age. For five years he turned his whole attention to her improvement; and at the age of eighteen ſhe was one of the moſt accompliſhed young women of her rank in *Paris*; beautiful to an aſtoniſhing degree, fair as an ermin, ſprightly as a young kid, and amorous as a kitten.

Her father loved her to a degree of dotage; yet he was very jealous of her conduct; and to keep her in the ſtricteſt bounds, till ſhe was married to a young phyſician, the ſon of Dr. *Eloy*, a particular friend of his, for whom he deſigned her, he brought madame *Agnes*, a widow of ſmall fortune, advanced age, and great devotion, into his houſe as gouvernante to mademoiſelle *Suſan*.

Young doctor *Eloy* was no very promiſing object to mademoiſelle *Suſan*; his ſtiff formal manner, his pedantic language, and the very little complaiſance he ſhowed to her, was the more diſguſtful in proportion to the aſſiduities, the tender ſpeeches, genteel form, and engaging manners of the chevalier *Gorillon*, a young gentleman of good family, but ſmall fortune, who had for ſome time paid his ſecret addreſſes to her. And on the other hand, madame *Agnes*, full of charity, tenderneſs, and paſſion, wiſely weighing the difference between the repeated preſents of the chevalier and the ſordid avarice of the doctor, ſympathized in the amorous pains of her fair charge; and being aſſured that the courſhip tended to an honourable end, reſolved to give them all the aſſiſtance in her power.

Thus circumſtanced, the lovers had frequent opportunities of converſing with each other, in preſence of madame *Agnes*; and nothing was wanting to complete their mutual happineſs but the conſent of monſieur *Mignard*, who ſeemed too fond of the young doctor to enter readily into their meaſures; and having one day made freſh and preſſing inſtances to his daughter, ſhe thought it neceſſary to acquaint the chevalier with them; and therefore ſent for him to come to her at nine o'clock, by which time ſhe knew her father was to ſet out for *Pontoiſe*, on an affair of importance, which would detain him two or three days.

The chevalier did not fail of coming at the appointed hour, and was led by madame *Agnes* into monſieur *Mignard*'s chamber, where ſhe left him till her young lady could get rid of ſome company who had come to viſit her.

It had happened, that the day before, the apothecary had been employed in diſtilling a water of a ſleepy and ſtupifying quality, which, on his return, was to lay a gentleman in a profound ſleep, while a very painful operation was performed upon him. This water he had put into a pint decanter, and placed on his chimney-piece juſt before he went out of town. During the time that the chevalier waited for his dear *Suſan*, he eſpied the decanter; and having been moſt of the afternoon at tennis, was very thirſty; and taking it for clear water, poured it out in a large glaſs, and drank it off.

One eighth part of the quantity was ſufficient to ſet any man aſleep; whence it may be eaſily judged what a profound ſleep ſo extravagant a doſe muſt cauſe; his limbs were immediately benumbed; his head confuſed; he tried to reach the couch which was in the room, but fell on the ground in a death-like ſleep.

The company ſtaid with mademoiſelle till eleven o'clock; and as ſoon as ſhe was at liberty, ſhe went with *Agnes* to her father's chamber, where ſhe found the chevalier ſtretched out upon the floor. She thought he was fallen in a fit, and tried every method to bring him to himſelf, but all in vain; for

having pinched, pricked, nay burnt him in ſome places, without being able to bring him to life, they concluded he was dead.

What grief for the young lady! What a moſt terrible embarraſsment for them both! They conſulted together till midnight, what to do with the body; when, every perſon in the houſe being aſleep, and the ſtreet clear, they concluded they could do nothing better than carry him to the end of the next ſtreet, and leave him to the diſpoſal of fortune.

Madame *Agnes* went ſoftly into the ſtreet, to ſee if any perſons were paſſing by; when ſhe beheld, at a gunſmith's nearly oppoſite, a long wooden box, in which a quantity of muſquets had been that day brought to be repaired, and the gunſmith's men, after taking them out, had forgot the box they came in. This *Agnes* thought was a very convenient place to put the body of the unfortunate chevalier; and accordingly, ſhe took him on her back, while the weeping *Suſan* ſupported his feet; and they placed him in the box, ſoftly covering him with the lid; and putting the nails thereof into the ſame holes from whence they had been drawn, they afterward retired to enjoy their grief at leiſure.

They had juſt entered into their own houſe, when the gunſmith remembering that his lads had left the box in the ſtreet, called them up, and obliged them to bring it in. The young fellows got up grumbling; and being half aſleep, did not pay any regard to the weight of it, but brought it into the back room before the ſhop, which ſerved as a kitchen, in which the gunſmith's niece and maid-ſervant lay; and putting it on a long dreſſer, where it hung over at each end, they returned to bed.

About three o'clock in the morning, the effects of the ſleepy draught being gone off, the chevalier awaked; and finding all dark round him, was in ſurpriſe. He felt about, and perceived he was in a kind of box which did not permit him either to riſe or turn round; and impatient to find himſelf thus confined, he knew not where, he ſtrove to turn himſelf, and with ſuch violence that the box fell from the dreſſer; and the lid being but lightly put down, it flew open with the fall, and he got out, and began to walk on his tip-toe to find where he was.

The noiſe made by the fall of the box was ſo great, that it awaked the niece and the maid; who, in a great fright thereat, and hearing ſomebody in the room, called out, "who's there?" The chevalier not daring to make any anſwer, they repeated their cries, pulled the bell, and awaked the whole houſe. The gunſmith and his people came with a light, and found poor *Gorillon*, who was feeling about for the door, to make his eſcape.

The gunſmith called out "a thief!" and ſent to the next commiſſary, while the chevalier opened his eyes with inconceivable aſtoniſhment to ſee himſelf in an unknown place, and

ſurrounded with countenances he had never ſeen before. But his conſternation was ſtill greater when the commiſſary entered, received the complaint of the gunſmith, "againſt this certain perſon, unknown, who had entered his houſe in the night, with a manifeſt intent to rob or murder—or both." The depoſition was wrote down, and the commiſſary ſeized him as a thief taken in the fact. They ſearched him; they interrogated him; and demanded to know how he had gotten into the houſe, and where he had hid his falſe keys; for it did not appear that the houſe was broke open.

Gorillon, in the utmoſt confuſion, anſwered very unſatisfactorily; and, unwilling to mention his dear *Suſan*, gave ſuch abſurd excuſes, that the commiſſary had him fettered, and committed him to the priſon of the *Chatelet*; where he was put into a dungeon, as a wretch deſtined to the gallows.

The next morning the judge, being informed of this ſuppoſed thief, examined him with great ſtrictneſs. Joining the ridiculous anſwers he made to the fact of his being found in the houſe, proved by irreproachable witneſſes, he ordered him to be brought before him for his final examination and ſentence.

In the mean while, this extraordinary affair ſpread through *Paris*, and came, on the fourth day, to the ears of madame *Agnes* and mademoiſelle *Suſan*, who were greatly affected at the news, and could not imagine how a man whom they had carried dead out of the houſe, could be alive, and in expectation of the gallows four days afterward; and being ignorant of the particulars of what had happened at the gunſmith's, madame *Agnes*, for farther information, went to the *Chatelet*, where ſhe heard the whole of the charge againſt *Gorillon*, who was not admitted to ſee any perſon, and would certainly be hanged.

The ſame day monſieur *Mignard* came home from *Pontoiſe*; and miſſing his bottle of narcotic water, made a great noiſe about it. *Agnes*, who had returned from the *Chatelet*, anſwered him peeviſhly, that he made a greater diſturbance about the water than it was worth; which produced from him an explanation of the value and virtues of the ſame, in ſuch a manner, that *Agnes* ſoon conceived an idea of what muſt have befallen the poor chevalier. She imparted her ſentiments to the young lady, who joined in her opinion. A conſultation was immediately held, how to ſave *Gorillon* from his approaching fate; to which there were two difficulties; the firſt, that *Suſan*'s father would diſcover what ſhe would rather wiſh to conceal; and the other, how very hard it would be to remove from the judge a prepoſſeſſion which often makes three-fourths of a proof. Nevertheleſs, love ſurmounted theſe obſtacles; and to loſe no time, *Suſan* accompanied *Agnes* to the gunſmith's houſe, where, wiſhing to ſpeak with him apart, ſhe related the chevalier's misfortune in a manner ſo ſimple, ſo tender and affecting (intermixing ſighs and tears with her narrative), that

the honeſt gunſmith, who had liſtened to the whole with the utmoſt attention, and remembered the affair of the box, ſoon perceived the truth of the ſtory, which was fully confirmed to him on viſiting his neighbour the apothecary, who acquainted him with the loſs of his ſtupifying water, and its very great virtues.

The gunſmith, without ſaying any thing more to monſieur *Mignard*, took *Suſan* and madame *Agnes* with him to the judge, and related the whole hiſtory to him; but, as juſtice ſets out with the ſwiftneſs of a ſtag in the proſecution of an accuſed perſon, and marches a tortoiſe's pace to the acquittal, ſo the magiſtrate ſeemed little diſpoſed to believe the exculpation of the ſuppoſed criminal. Nevertheleſs, he could not refuſe a freſh examination of the chevalier in the preſence of his proſecutor, who was now become his chief advocate. *Gorillon*, who was now under no reſtraint in his anſwers, declared his aſſignation with *Suſan*, and that he drank the fatal water. *Suſan* and *Agnes* confeſſed the manner in which they conveyed him to the gunſmith's box, and the reſt followed very naturally; ſo that *Gorillon*'s innocence clearly appeared, and he was acquitted, and ſet at liberty.

The honeſt gunſmith, ſhocked to think he had well nigh cauſed the death of an innocent perſon, conceived a warm affection for him; and to recompence him for the trouble he had brought upon him, he ſo powerfully mediated with his neighbour, Mr. *Mignard*, that in a few days the chevalier was married to the amiable *Suſan*.

THE

HUNCH-BACK'D MINSTRELS.

AT *Douay* lived a burgeſs, eſteemed for his prudence and his probity throughout the town. Unfortunately for him, he was not in very affluent circumſtances; but he had a daughter, whoſe beauty and accompliſhments made him forget the ſcantineſs of his fortune.

On the banks of a river, and at a ſmall diſtance from the town, there ſtood a caſtle; at the foot of which was a bridge acroſs the river. The owner of this caſtle was a hunch-backed object of deformity. Nature had exhauſted her ingenuity in the formation of his whimſical figure. She had provided this baboon, in lieu of ſenſe, with a monſtrous large head, which was in a manner loſt between two high ſhoulders, and covered with a prodigious quantity of thick hair. His neck was ſhort,

and his face ſo ſhockingly deformed, as almoſt to terrify the beholder.

Such was the picture of the *Caſtellan*; who, notwithſtanding all his uglineſs, took it into his head to be enamoured of the burgeſs's beautiful daughter. He went ſtill farther. He even ventured to demand her in marriage; and as he was the richeſt man in the diſtrict (for he employed his whole life in amaſſing wealth), the poor girl was delivered up to him. But this acquiſition did not add to his happineſs. Full of jealouſy, from a conſciouſneſs of his perſonal defects, he had no reſt or tranquillity of mind either by day or night. He was perpetually going backward and forward, prying and watching in every corner, and never ſuffering any one to come within the doors, except ſuch as brought ſomething that was wanted in the houſe.

One of the *Chriſtmas* holidays, as he was ſtanding ſentry at his gate, he was accoſted by three hunch-back'd minſtrels. Theſe men had made a party together, on purpoſe to amuſe themſelves at the expence of their rich brother in deformity. They ſaluted him in that quality, and demanded brotherly entertainment; and, at the ſame time, to demonſtrate the affinity, each diſplayed his hunch. This pleaſantry, which one would ſuppoſe could not have been very acceptable to the lord of the caſtle, was nevertheleſs extremely well received. He conducted the minſtrels to his kitchen, ſerved them with fowl, peaſe, and even gave each of them at parting a piece of money. But when they were at the gate, he called out to them; "obſerve this houſe attentively, and take care that you never think of ſetting foot in it again; for if ever I catch you here, you ſhall take your laſt draught at the bottom of that river."

Our muſicians laughed at this threat of the *Caſtellan*, and took the road toward the town, ſinging, dancing, and ſkipping in a ridiculous manner, to ſhow their contempt of him. He, on his part, without beſtowing the leaſt attention on them, went out and took his walk toward the country.

His lady, who ſaw him croſs the bridge, and who had heard the minſtrels, called them to her, intending to amuſe herſelf for a few minutes by hearing them play and ſing. They returned into the houſe; when the doors were ſhut, and the muſicians began to play ſome of their gayeſt and moſt approved airs for the entertainment of the lady.

She had juſt entered into the ſpirit of this diverſion, when, on a ſudden, the huſband's knock was heard at the door. The fidlers gave themſelves up for loſt, and the wife was ſeized with the utmoſt conſternation; indeed, all four had equal cauſe for their terrors. The lady in this dilemma happily diſcovers three empty trunks in a room; ſhe puts a fidler in each, ſhuts the covers, and goes to open the door for her huſband.

He had come only to pry into his wife's concerns, according

to cuſtom: ſo, after a ſhort ſtay, he went out again; not, as one may conjecture, to the great diſſatisfaction of the lady. She inſtantly ran to the trunks, in order to free her priſoners; for the night approached, and her huſband could not be long abſent. But, conceive her alarm, when ſhe found them all three ſuffocated! She almoſt wiſhed herſelf in the ſame ſituation. However, ſhe prudently conſidered, that all the lamentation in the world would be too late to remedy the evil. The object now was, to get rid of the dead bodies; and there was not a moment to be loſt in attempting it.

She ran to the door. Seeing a countryman paſs, "Friend," ſaid ſhe, "have you a mind to be rich?"—"To be ſure I have, lady. Try me, and ſee whether I have any objection." "Well, all I aſk in return, is a ſervice that you can render me in a moment; and I promiſe you thirty well told livres; but you muſt take a ſolemn oath to be ſecret." The countryman, tempted by the offer of ſo large a ſum, entered into all the obligations ſhe required. The lady of the caſtle then led the countryman into her apartment; and opening one of the trunks, told him all that ſhe required him to do, was to take the dead body he ſaw there, and to throw it into the river. He aſks her for a ſack, puts the carcaſe into it; and going down, pitches it from the bridge; then returns, all out of breath, for his payment.

"I wiſh nothing more than to ſatisfy you," ſaid the lady; "but you will allow, that the bargain we made ſhould be fulfilled on both ſides. You agreed with me to rid me of the dead body; but here it is again; look at it yourſelf." At the ſame time ſhe ſhows him the ſecond trunk, which held another of the hunch-backs. The clown was confounded at the ſight. "What the devil, is he come back again? I thought I had pitched him over completely. It is aſſuredly a ſorcerer; but, by all that's good, I'll go through with it; he ſhall have another leap into the water." He inſtantly ſtuffs the ſecond carcaſe into the ſack, and goes to throw it, as he did the other, into the river; taking care to put his head undermoſt, and to ſee that he fell into the water.

In the mean time, the lady changed the poſition of the trunks; ſo that the third, which was full, ſtood in the ſituation of the firſt. When the countryman entered, ſhe took him by the hand; and conducting him toward the remaining carcaſe, ſaid, "you were certainly right, my friend; this muſt have been a ſorcerer, and there never was his equal. For, do but obſerve, there he is again." The clown grinds his teeth with rage. "What then, by all the devils in hell, am I to be all day carrying this curſed hunch-back? The villain is determined not to die; but we ſhall ſee how that will be." He then raiſes the body, with the moſt dreadful imprecations; and after tying a large ſtone about his neck, throws him into the

middle of the ſtream, threatening violently, if he ſhould eſcape a third time, to cudgel him to death.

The firſt object that preſented itſelf to him on his return, was the maſter of the houſe, who was coming home. At this ſight the clown was almoſt beſide himſelf. "What! are you there again; and is it impoſſible to get rid of you? Come, I ſee that I muſt make away with you at once." He immediately ruſhes upon the *Caſtellan*, and knocks out his brains; and in order the more effectually to prevent his return, he throws him into the river tied up in the ſack.

"I'll venture a wager you have not ſeen him again this laſt time," ſaid the clodpole to the lady, when he returned to her chamber. She anſwered, that ſhe had not. "Yet you were not far from it," replied he; "for the ſorcerer had got as far as the door. But I took care of him. You may make yourſelf eaſy, madam. I'll anſwer for it, you'll not be troubled with him again."

It was no difficult matter for the lady to underſtand this declaration. In fact, ſhe knew but too well what he meant by it; but the misfortune was, there was no remedy; and it was neceſſary for her to take comfort. As to what remained to be done, the countryman was paid with exact punctuality the ſum he had been promiſed by the lady; and perhaps neither the one or the other ever knew a happier day.

THE CONJURER.

A POOR old villager, who went in the country by the appellation of *Robin*, who had always earned his bread by the ſweat of his brow, and to whom a morſel of fat bacon was princely regale, had heard ſo much ſaid in commendation of delicious fare, as partridges, pheaſants, ortolans, and ſuch like; and thoſe nectarious liquors Burgundy and Champagne, that he longed ſo ardently for ſuch a regale, as to think he could be very well contented to die, provided he might firſt be permitted to ſatisfy his longing.

Neceſſity is the mother of invention, as the proverb goes; the truth of which is verified by daily experience. *Robin*, whoſe ability was far from ſufficient to procure thoſe dainties, hit upon a ſcheme which he imagined would infallibly ſecure him ſucceſs.

He reſolved to travel to a diſtant part of the country, where he was not known, and take upon him the title of a conjurer; a

profeſſion which has ever commanded great reſpect, both in town and country; and that in caſe any perſon, whoſe wit proved lighter than his purſe, ſhould be fool enough to confide in his art, he would ſtipulate for three dainty repaſts, before his oracle ſhould deign to break ſilence.

Before he ſet out on this expedition (what will perhaps ſeem very ſurpriſing to ſuch of our readers who are uninſpired by the muſes), he weighed in a juſt and equal balance the dainties he promiſed himſelf to enjoy, againſt the kicks and cuffs he muſt inevitably receive, when found out to be an impoſtor; when, lo! the kicks and cuffs turned the beam. And now having equipped himſelf with a large hairy cap, made of the ſkin of a badger, a pair of whiſkers in which a *Spaniard* might have taken pride, and a common prayer-book, in old print, by way of a conjuring-book, he bade adieu to his village, and directed his ſteps to more populous cities; publiſhing where-ever he came, his great and profound ſcience in the art of divination.

He arrived at length at the hoſpitable gates of ſir *Tony Simpleton*, baronet; with whom moſt of our readers we preſume are acquainted; for no family in *Britain* can boaſt of a more extenſive progeny. Their origin is eaſily traced beyond the deluge; and their illuſtrious anceſtors have often wielded the royal ſceptre. Now ſo it happened, that a day or two before the arrival of honeſt *Robin*, three of ſir *Tony*'s ſervants, who had long ſince formed a combination againſt a certain diamond ring of great value, which lady *Simpleton* uſually wore on her finger; and having found it ſtraying upon her toilette, had ſeized it as a lawful prize, with an intent to diſpoſe of it the firſt opportunity, and ſhare the ſpoil among themſelves. My lady, extremely afflicted for the loſs of her brilliant, hearing of the great fame of our conjurer, which had by this time ſpread all over the country, reſolved to apply to him in order to gain intelligence of her ring.

My lady was ſtruck with moſt reverential awe at the venerable appearance of our conjurer, who acted his part to the life. "Madam," ſaid he, "it is needleſs for you to enter into any detail of your loſs. I know, by virtue of the occult ſcience I profeſs, that you have loſt your diamond ring; and am much better acquainted with every circumſtance than your ladyſhip."—"Good God!" cried my lady, amazed that the conjurer ſhould be acquainted with what everybody in the town knew as well as himſelf, "what a wonderful man! what a fine thing it is to be a conjurer!"

She now began to inquire very earneſtly whether ſhe might entertain any hopes of recovering her ring? *Robin*, with the greateſt gravity, aſſured her, that within the ſpace of three days, which he required to conſult the planets, he would engage to produce the ring, though it lay at the bottom of mount

Ætna. "But," added he, "the ſearch will be attended with ſome expence." Lady *Simpleton* told him, ſhe ſhould not heſitate at paying him any reaſonable gratuity, as ſhe had a great value for the ring. "Madam," replied *Robin*, "we conjurers are above any mercenary views. All I demand is, that during the three days I conſult the motion of the planets, you will give orders for my being entertained in a manner ſuitable to the dignity of a vizard of my importance; for we conjurers, you muſt know, differ widely from the ſtudious in other arts and ſciences, who improve moſt upon a ſlender diet. We, on the contrary, always ſtudy beſt on a full ſtomach; and the richer our fare, the greater progreſs we make in our diſcoveries." Lady *Simpleton* told him, his demands were too modeſt not to be complied with; and immediately ordered him to be conducted to one of the beſt apartments in the houſe, laying ſtrict injunctions upon the cook, to obey his commands to a tittle.

The cook, having put on his cleaneſt cap and apron, waited upon the conjurer; and, with much ſcraping and cringing, deſired to know what his honour would pleaſe to order for ſupper. *Robin* finding the lady had left him a *charte blanch*, made a catalogue of the choiceſt viands he could think of; and, to make uſe of an expreſſion *à la mode*, deſired to have them all by rotation. The cook toſt him up a fricaſee of chickens in a trice; which, with a brace of partridges and a cuſtard, compoſed a pretty ſort of a repaſt. The eyes of our conjurer ſparkled with joy, at the ſight of ſo delicious a banquet. He tucked his napkin under his chin; and being a man of buſineſs, ſcorned to leave a bone unpicked. Having ſupped to his heart's content, and cloſed his entertainment with a cheerful bottle of claret, he repaired to his downy bed, in the pleaſing thought of his three repaſts, which were yet to come; and *Morpheus*, the inſeparable companion of content, who, like a falſe friend who attends our ſmiling hours, but abandons us in the time of diſtreſs, ſoon ſhed his peaceful poppies over his head.

The next morning, as ſoon as it was well light, *Robin* got to carouſing again, and remained up to the chin in greaſe till bed-time; when the fumes of the generous liquor he had quaffed all day mounting into his pericranium, ſo intoxicated him that he was as drunk as *David*'s ſow.

He made ſhift, however, though not without much difficulty, to reel to his bed; and had juſt got between the ſheets, when one of the ſervants who had been concerned in ſtealing the ring came into the room, under pretence of clearing the table, but in reality to obſerve what the conjurer was doing; for he and his aſſociates were in great apprehenſions, leſt their theft ſhould be diſcovered. *Robin* hearing ſomebody in the room, drew back the curtain; and ſeeing what the ſervant was about,

"Well," ſaid he with a hiccough, "thank God, there is one of them, however (meaning one of his three repaſts)." A guilty conſcience needs no accuſer. The footman, imagining that the conjurer had diſcovered the author of his theft by the power of his art, and that his diſcourſe was addreſſed to him, ran down to his companions in a panic, and related what he had heard. Fear made him exaggerate every circumſtance. He aſſured them the conjurer was well informed of the whole affair, and that they had nothing now to do, but to conſult their own ſafety, by a precipitate retreat.

The other two were greatly alarmed at this recital, and were at a loſs for ſome time what to reſolve upon; till one of them propoſed going into the conjurer's room the next night, that they might be thoroughly ſatisfied their apprehenſions were well founded; ſince fear might have operated ſo ſtrongly upon his companion, as to occaſion his miſinterpreting the conjurer's meaning. Having obtained their aſſent to this propoſal, he went the next night into *Robin*'s apartment; who having gorged himſelf like any alderman at a lord mayor's feaſt, had juſt riſen from table. The footman immediately began to take away, caſting an eye every now and then upon the conjurer, whoſe eyes he as often found fixed upon him. "Well," ſaid *Robin*, "thank God, there are two of them, however." The poor fellow was quite thunderſtruck at the ſound; the diſh dropped from his hand; his knees knocked together with the fright, and could hardly ſupport him to carry a confirmation of the dreadful news to his companions.

The teſtimony of the firſt being now corroborated by that of the ſecond, no doubt could poſſibly remain, unleſs to the third; who indeed was the moſt incredulous of the three. He told them he did not think it at all improbable, but that the relation of the firſt might have a ſtronger impreſſion upon the ſecond, as to make him imagine he heard the ſame words ſpoken, though at the ſame time perhaps the conjurer had never broke ſilence; and what the more ſtrongly confirmed him in this opinion was, that he had told my lady that he ſhould not be able to give her any tidings of her ring, until the expiration of the three days. After many debates and learned arguments, *pro* and *con*, it was at length agreed that the third ſhould go into the conjurer's chamber the ſucceeding night; and in caſe he ſhould be convinced that their fears were but too juſtly founded, a council ſhould be immediately held, how to act in the caſe.

The next day paſſed on like the two preceding ones, with this difference only, that *Robin* reſolved to make the moſt of his laſt meal, and laid about him with redoubled vigour, that he might be the better able to ſuſtain the baſtinado, which he foreſaw, without the aſſiſtance of art magic, would be the reward of his fraud.

When bed-time approached, the third footman made his

appearance; and, with many bows and ſcrapes, was preparing to diſſerve the table, when *Robin* broke out in his wonted ejaculation. "Well, thank God," ſaid he, "I have got them all three. I am now content, and have nothing more to deſire. Friend," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to the footman, "tell your miſtreſs I ſhall do myſelf the honour of waiting on her in the morning." The lacquey replied not, but went with a heavy heart, to inform his companions of what he had heard, who made no doubt that the conjurer intended to inform the lady of the theft. They ſpent the remaining part of the night in deliberating upon what was beſt to be done; and reſolved at length, to throw themſelves upon the conjurer's mercy, who they thought ſeemed to be a good-natured man, notwithſtanding his formidable cap and whiſkers.

The next morning, as ſoon as *Robin* aroſe, they threw themſelves at his feet, depoſited the ring in his hands, and confeſſed their guilt; ſupplicating him, in the moſt moving terms, to have pity on them, and conceal the affair from their lady, as a halter would be the undoubted conſequence of ſuch a diſcovery. This was no diſagreeable adventure for *Robin*, who, before this lucky accident, would willingly have compounded for two hundred laſhes. The dreadful ideas of whips and tortures, which had occupied his mind ever ſince he awoke, began to give place to more agreeable expectations of honours and rewards. Having moulded his face into as ſerious a form as poſſible, he told them they had acted very prudently in making a voluntary confeſſion of their crime, although he had before diſcovered it by the all-powerful influence of the planets; and promiſed them, in conſideration of their ingenuous behaviour, to keep their tranſgreſſion a ſecret from their miſtreſs.

Having given the ſervants their hint, *Robin* went privately into the yard where the poultry was kept, and compelled one of the turkey-cocks to ſwallow the ring. He then waited on lady *Simpleton*, and with the greateſt confidence ſaid to her, "Madam, we have at length, with much toil and ſtudy, gained the wiſhed-for intelligence; your ring is ſafe."—"O! bleſs me," cried lady *Simpleton*, "I am very glad of it. But where is it? Sir *Tony* would have been much vexed had I loſt it."—"You dropped your ring, madam," continued *Robin*, "in the yard in pulling off your glove; and it was preſently afterward picked up by one of the turkies. Let them all paſs in review before me, and I will engage to arreſt the felon." Lady *Simpleton* gave immediate orders for the turkies to make their appearance; and *Robin*, ſeizing on the turkey, which was a very remarkable one, ordered him to be killed and opened in his preſence; and my lady had the pleaſing ſatisfaction of taking the ring from his belly. She now looked upon our conjurer as a very extraordinary perſonage, and inſiſted on his tarrying till next day, when her huſband was expected from *London*. *Ro-*

bin, who had no objection to a renewal of his carouſing cheer, accepted the invitation, and had the honour of dining and ſupping with her ladyſhip, enjoying a fourth day's regale, different from his expectations.

The next day ſir *Tony* arrived. My lady flew to him in raptures, to inform him what a wonder of a man he had beneath his roof. She launched out into the higheſt encomiums on his ſuperior ſkill and penetration; and aſſured him that, without his aſſiſtance, the ring, on which he ſet ſo great a value, would inevitably have been loſt. Sir *Tony*, although he was no *Solomon*, could not rightly digeſt this ſtory.

He ſwore that the conjurer was a cheat and an impoſtor, who lived by the credulity of mankind; and threatened to have him inſtantly kicked out of doors. My lady, however, found means to ſooth his rage, and prevailed upon him to put the conjurer's ſkill to the teſt, before he carried his threats into execution.

At that inſtant a tame robin, that uſed to frequent the houſe for the ſake of a few crumbs of bread, which he would pick familiarly from the hand, flew from the garden into the hall, and perched upon ſir *Tony*'s ſhoulder; who immediately ſeizing the little warbler, and confining him in a ſilken handkerchief, ordered *Robin* to be called, who very cheerfully made his appearance, in expectation of the promiſed reward. "Harkye, friend," ſays ſir *Tony*, "I am informed you profeſs great ſkill in necromancy. But as I have ever been an infidel in the point of magic, I inſiſt upon it, that you convince me by an experiment. Tell me what is incloſed in this handkerchief. I will then renounce my credulity, and you ſhall meet with a reward worthy ſo great a cabaliſt. But if, on the contrary, you are incapable of giving me the ſatisfaction I demand, be aſſured your inſolence ſhall not eſcape with impunity."

Poor *Robin*, conſcious of his incapacity to ſolve the problem ſir *Tony* had propoſed, curſed his ill ſtars that made him wait his arrival; and giving himſelf over for loſt, "Alas! poor *Robin*," exclaimed he, "are you then caught at laſt?" Sir *Tony*, aſtoniſhed at the wonderful penetration and ſagacity of our conjurer, immediately releaſed the robin from his confinement, and joined heartily with my lady in her commendation.

Robin, you may depend upon it, was not diſagreeably ſurpriſed, when he perceived, by the ſight of his name-ſake, what a fortunate turn his affairs had taken. Sir *Tony* regaled him a month longer, loading him with preſents; and aſſured him, at parting, that he ſhould always meet with a kind welcome at *Simpleton-hall*; and *Robin*, whoſe rapture was now in its zenith, diſdaining any longer to turn the ſod, took a grand houſe not far diſtant from his patron's, where he ſtill continues to flouriſh, a conjurer of renown.

THE

FORTUNATE PEASANT.

WE often find, in men of obſcure birth and mean education, latent ſeeds of ſuperior genius and underſtanding, which, had they the advantage of a proper cultivation, might be productive of the richeſt fruits; while, on the other hand, we ſee many noble perſonages, who, were their natural parts aſſiſted by a ſuitable education, might cut a very ſignificant figure at a plough-tail. What pity then, that ſo many bright geniuſes ſhould be loſt to ſociety, merely from want of means to procure a liberal education! What pity, that a ſet of rich clodpoles, whoſe only merit conſiſts in their wealth, ſhould, without one grain of ſenſe or diſcernment, be advanced to the higheſt ſtations. *O tempora! O mores!* O times! O manners!—But to proceed to our tale.

A certain potent king, of what regions we have never been able to learn, nor is it at all material to our readers, took great delight in travelling the country in diſguiſe. He was a learned, and a virtuous prince; and had, by long ſtudy and experience, acquired ſo profound a knowledge of mankind, that he could calculate the intrinſic value of a man's genius, as truly as a jeweller can the worth of a diamond; and, like a good lapidary, took a pleaſure in poliſhing and drawing from obſcurity thoſe valuable gems which he found rough as from the quarry.

In one of his excurſions, he met with a peaſant, who was tilling a ſmall tract of land that lay before his cottage with great aſſiduity and cheerfulneſs. "God ſave you, tiller of the earth," ſaid the king, pleaſed with his induſtry. "And you, alſo, lord of the earth," replied the peaſant, who knew him, notwithſtanding his diſguiſe. "Why do you give me that title?" reſumed the king. "Do you know who I am?"—"No, ſir," replied the peaſant, perceiving he choſe to be *incog*, "I do not; but I called you ſo, becauſe God having created the earth for the uſe of man, he may not improperly be ſtiled the maſter." The king perceiving, by this rational anſwer, that he was a man of deeper penetration than the generality of his vocation, reſolved to have a little farther chat with him. "Friend," ſays he, "you ſeem to labour very hard, although you do not appear to be very young."—"True, ſir," replied the peaſant, "for there are older than myſelf, whom I am obliged to maintain by the ſweat of my brow."—"Pray, how much can you earn in a day?" ſaid the king. "I earn, ſir," replied he, "taking one day with another, about eight-

pence."—"And is that ſufficient to maintain you?" ſaid the king. "Ah! ſir," replied he, ſhaking his head, "my own are the moſt trivial of my expences."—"Pray inform me, then, how you lay it out," ſaid the king. "I ſpend two-pence," anſwered the peaſant, "every day, for the maintenance of myſelf and wife. With two-pence more, I diſcharge my debts. Two-pence I lend; and the remaining two-pence I give away."—"You ſpeak enigmatically, my friend," quoth the king. "I wiſh you would render your meaning a little more intelligible; for really I do not comprehend you." The peaſant proceeded. "I ſpend two-pence, ſir," as I ſaid before, for the maintenance of myſelf and my wife; and, by the ſmallneſs of the ſum, you may gueſs the coarſeneſs of our fare. With two-pence more I pay debts; for my father and mother are ſtill living, ſo old and infirm, that they are quite paſt their labour; and as they provided for me with a parental tenderneſs in my youth, it is but juſt that I acquit myſelf with filial piety of what I owe them, by ſupporting them in their old age. The two-pence I lend are for the maintenance of my children, who, by reaſon of their infancy, are incapable of providing for themſelves; which I hope they will be grateful enough to repay me, when, bending beneath the weight of years and infirmities, I ſhall be unable to maintain myſelf by my daily labour. The two-pence I give away, are for the maintenance of the two daughters of my wife, by her former huſband, and which I have no hopes of ever being repaid, as they cannot be ſuppoſed to entertain the ſame affection for me as my natural children, and will probably intermarry with thoſe who will hinder them, were they ſo inclined."

The king was highly delighted with the peaſant's diſcourſe, and thought he had found a gem, which would be well worth his poliſhing. "Friend," ſaid he, "I have been highly entertained by your converſation, and am reſolved to be of ſervice to you. Only promiſe me, that you will not relate to any one what has paſſed between us this day, until you ſee me again. Look at me ſteadfaſtly, that you may know me another time; and I charge you, once again, not to divulge a tittle of our diſcourſe, till you ſee my face." The peaſant aſſured him he ſhould yield due obedience to his commands; and the king returned to his palace, very well pleaſed with his adventure.

The next day, having aſſembled thoſe of his courtiers who valued themſelves moſt upon their wit and ingenuity, he propoſed to them the problem he had learned from the peaſant, and gave them three days to expound it; with the promiſe of a reward, worthy the royal donor, to him who ſhould be able to explain it to his ſatisfaction.

Having exerciſed their wit, and put their invention to the rack to no purpoſe, they gave up all hope of ſucceeding; one only excepted, who, wiſer than the reſt, reſolved, if poſſible, to

find out the peaſant, and bribe him to the ſolution of the riddle. Having gained information which way the king walked on that day, he was ſo indefatigable in his inquiries among the peaſants who inhabited that part of the country, that he at length found his man; who made no ſecret of his having converſed with the king, whom he aſſured him he knew perfectly well, notwithſtanding his diſguiſe. The courtier then deſired to be informed of the ſubject of their diſcourſe; but this requeſt the peaſant refuſed to comply with, as the king had commanded him ſilence upon that head. The courtier, a crafty old fox, well verſed in the arts of a court, did not deſpair of obtaining his wiſh. He had yet one argument left, the perſuaſive force of which he had himſelf often experienced; and drawing a handful of gold from the pocket, he conveyed it, with a friendly ſqueeze, into the hand of the peaſant; aſſuring him, at the ſame time, that he would ſcorn to make an ill uſe of his confidence. The peaſant, who had never through the whole courſe of his life beheld ſo tempting a ſight, revolved in his mind the happineſs this ſum would procure to his poor family; he knew how little the promiſes of the great are to be depended upon; and, conſequently, had reaſon to doubt whether ever the king would think of performing his promiſe. He therefore yielded (and who can blame him?) to the ſilent eloquence of the gold.

The courtier, well ſatisfied with the ſucceſs of his journey, returned to court, explained the riddle, and demanded the prize. The king, although he gueſſed that the courtier had found means to tamper with the peaſant, would not depart from the royal word; but conſcious that the promiſes of princes ſhould ever be preſerved ſacred and inviolate, gave him the promiſed reward. He reſolved, however, to make the peaſant feel the effects of his wrath, for divulging what he had ſo faithfully engaged to keep ſecret; for which purpoſe he diſguiſed himſelf as before, and made a ſecond tour to the cottage. "Well, friend," ſaid he, "I find you have not ſcrupled to violate the promiſe you ſo ſolemnly made me."—"Upon my word, ſir," replied the peaſant, "you muſt have been miſinformed. I ſcorn to be guilty of a breach of promiſe, and dare aſſure you that I have paid all due obedience to your commands."—"Do not aggravate your crime by a falſehood," ſaid the king, "for certain I am that you have divulged what paſſed between us the other day; notwithſtand I ſo ſtrictly enjoined you to ſilence."—"'Tis very true, ſir," replied the peaſant, with great compoſure, "I confeſs I did relate what paſſed between us, but deny that I have anyways forfeited my parole. Both promiſes and menaces were put in practice to extort the ſecret from me; but all proved ineffectual; and I refuſed to let a ſyllable tranſpire, ſince you had commanded me not to divulge it to any one, till I ſhould ſee your face; but

when not only your face, but a great number of faces like yours, were produced," ſhowing the king the ſpecies he had received, "I no longer heſitated to comply."

The king, who perceived that the peaſant knew him all along, was highly pleaſed with this ingenious ſubterfuge; and eſteeming ſo ſenſible a man worthy of better fate, took him to court with him, and elevated him to the dignity of prime miniſter; probably becauſe he perceived in him a talent for ſophiſtry, a qualification indiſpenſably neceſſary for a ſtateſman; for we muſt confeſs that his evaſion for the breach of his promiſe, was a little jeſuitical.

THE

TWO ROGUES.

A CERTAIN ATTORNEY, of the famous city of *London*, whom, for peculiar reaſons, we think fit to introduce under the fictitious name of *Gooſequill*, had occaſion to purchaſe a horſe; not, like your poor petty larceny raſcals, to take a purſe upon the road, and be decently tucked up for it next ſeſſions—no—Mr. *Gooſequill* had too great a veneration for the law, to infringe any of its maxims; and though he made no more ſcruple of rifling a man than other brothers of the pad, yet he always took care to do it according to act of parliament.

The occaſion of his journey was this:—Squire *Hedgeditch*, a keen young foxhunter in *Nottinghamſhire*, happened, in the heat of the ſport, to croſs a corn-field, belonging to goodman *Hobnail*, a neighbouring farmer.

Hobnail being at work in the field, ſaw the ſquire make up to a gate which ſtood open; and happening to be within reach, ſhut the gate, and ſtopped him in his career. This treatment, which to every lover of the ſport was a little provoking, irritated the ſquire, who, in the heat of his paſſion, ſtruck the farmer acroſs the ſhoulders with a ſwitch he had in his hand; which *Hobnail* happened to complain of at the very inn where *Gooſequill*, who was come down to attend at the aſſizes, had put up at. Our lawyer, who like the cat was ever upon the watch for her prey, and had as keen a ſcent too, takes the farmer aſide. "Friend," ſays he, "take my word for it, you may recover—"—"Recover, maſter," interrupted *Hobnail*, ſtaring like a ſtuck pig, "wounds, Iſe bent ſuch a ghicken neither; noy, for matter of that, a didn't hurt me much; but then, ben't it damn'd provoking, to be zerved in zuch a man-

ner? Why, an Iſe hadn't been vorth a varthing, a could'nt have uſed one vorſe. D'have um to know Iſe have undred good pounds a year; and am as well qualified to carry a gun as he."

This account, though delivered in ſo uncouth a manner, was more grateful to the ear of *Gooſequill* than the moſt elaborate diſcourſe he had ever heard pronounced at the bar; and reſolving not to loſe a good cauſe, if he could help it, he proceeded to render his meaning more intelligible to the farmer; and backed it with ſo many arguments, that the poor fellow ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded to bring an action for the battery; and even refuſed a very advantageous accommodation, which the ſquire, when he cooled, propoſed to him.

Mr. *Gooſequill* had conſequently occaſion for a vehicle, to convey him from *London* to the aſſizes, which were now approaching; when the trial was expected to come on; and he imagined it would turn out more to his advantage to buy a horſe for the journey, and diſpoſe of him at his return, than to hire one. He accordingly applied to an inn-keeper, a mighty honeſt, conſcientious man, as will appear by the ſequel. The inn-keeper ſhowed him a variety of cattle, and failed not to laviſh the moſt extravagant encomiums on them all. Now ſo it was, that *Gooſequill* underſtood juſt as much about horſeflеſh as the inn-keeper did of law; he therefore judged it more adviſable to depend entirely upon the inn-keeper's honeſty than truſt to his own judgement; whence we may infer he was exempt from a fault which ſome people labour under, that of meaſuring another's corn by their own buſhel; otherwiſe he would never have truſted to the inn-keeper's conſcience.

The inn-keeper was no ſooner acquainted that our lawyer was no jockey, than he ordered all the horſes he had ſhown him to be led back to their ſtables; and producing one ſo poor and ſo lean, that at a diſtance one would have ſworn it was but the ſkeleton of that noble animal, "ſir," ſaid he, "in appealing to my conſcience, you have touched me in a very tender point. If a gentleman is opinionated, and will rely upon his own judgment, 'tis not my fault if he makes a bad choice; but when a perſon depends upon my honeſty, I cannot in conſcience put a bad beaſt into his hands; and you know, ſir, without conſcience"—As he was going to proceed, *Gooſequill* interrupted him, by objecting to the leanneſs, and judiciouſly remarked that he looked not unlike one of *Pharaoh*'s lean kine. "Ah! bleſs me! ſir," quoth the inn-keeper, "'tis a ſign indeed that you are not very converſant in horſefleſh. Why, ſir, this horſe was got by"—here he entered into a long genealogy of the horſe's pedigree, and made him firſt couſin at leaſt to the moſt famous racers that ever beat turf; ſwore he refuſed twelve guineas for him an hour before, and ſold him to *Gooſequill* for ten guineas, who imme-

diately ſet forward on his journey, very well pleaſed with his bargain.

But he had ſcarce got out of the ſmoak of *London*, when his courſer, unable to proceed any further, fell under him; and in deſpight of whip and ſpur, which were both applied very laviſhly, he diſdained to budge, and lay as tranquil as a lap-dog on a cuſhion. *Gooſequill* ſwore, and curſt like any trooper, but all to no purpoſe. *Roſinante* was deaf to his remonſtrances. At length, as good luck would have it, an empty cart happened to paſs that way; by which, in conſideration of a teſter, that *Gooſequill* promiſed well and truly to pay, or cauſe to be paid, the carman conveyed both beaſts to the next inn. By the way, our lawyer, in whom all the cunning of that profeſſion may juſtly be ſaid to have centered, reſolved in his mind many different ſchemes of revenge; fully determined to give the inn-keeper a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, as ſoon as he returned. Having hired a freſh horſe at the inn, he proceeded on his journey; laying ſtrict injunctions upon the hoſtler to take care of his horſe, and ſpare no coſt to get him in fleſh by the time he came back.

Gooſequill, after many pleas and counterpleas, demurrers and rejoinders, at length terminated the law-ſuit; in which, though the ſquire was caſt, poor *Hobnail* had no great reaſon to rejoice; for inſtead of pocketing the ten guineas with which the ſquire offered to compromiſe the matter, he found himſelf double that ſum out of pocket, and got the character of an ill-natured, litigious man into the bargain; for a battle at law may aptly be compared to a battle at fiſty-cuffs; in which the conqueror often comes off in worſe plight than the vanquiſhed. *Gooſequill* having drained his country clients to the laſt drop, verified the old adage—"no longer pipe, no longer dance;" and turned his back on his friends in diſtreſs; for, with Mr. *Gooſequill*, friendſhip and money were ſynonimous terms. But this is a conduct ſo conſiſtent with the preſent mode, that we dare not comment upon it, leſt we expoſe ourſelves to ridicule for ſetting up in oppoſition to ſo reigning a faſhion. We ſhall beg leave, however, to introduce one phyſical remark, which may have eſcaped the obſervation of many of our readers; I mean the wonderful effects of ſympathy between friendſhip and a bag of money. While the bag continues to ſwell, friendſhip continues to glow with redoubled ardour; but as that decreaſes, how ſurpriſingly doth friendſhip decreaſe in its warmth, and vaniſh entirely with the laſt guinea! But we beg our readers indulgence for being thus unſeaſonably learned, and promiſe to be more conciſe for the future. To procced then.

Mr. *Gooſequill* having reached the inn where he had left his *galloper*, and provided himſelf with another, would have been at ſome loſs to know his horſe again, had he not been ſhown him; good feeding, and no labour, having effected a ſurpriſing

change. His hide, which before was as rough as a bear's ſkin, was now poliſhed like a cheſnut; and the bones, which uſed to ſtart through the ſkin, were now covered three fingers deep. *Gooſequill* having tipt the hoſtler for his care, aſked him what he thought the beaſt might be worth. "Why, really, ſir," replied the hoſtler, "I would not venture above four pieces on him. He makes a fine appearance at preſent; but, by G—d, he is damnably foundered; and it is my opinion, he will never carry you to *London*." *Gooſequill* hearing this, immediately ſent to take a place in the ſtage, and conſigned his keſtril to the care of the waggoner, that the beaſt might proceed to *London* by eaſy journeys.

Gooſequill having got to *London*, took all poſſible precaution to keep his arrival a ſecret from the conſcientious inn-keeper till his horſe came to town; when he mounted, and rode fair and eaſy into the inn, as if he had juſt come off his journey. He alighted; and calling for the landlord, deſired him to keep his horſe at livery for four or five days, when he would call for him again. The inn-keeper, who could ſcarce credit his own eyes, began to inquire how the horſe had carried him; and *Gooſequill*, who could ſwallow a lie with as much eaſe as you or I a bumper of rheniſh, devoted himſelf to all the devils in hell (which, by the bye, was giving them no more than their due), if the horſe had not carried him better than ever he was carried in his life. "Nay," added he, "let his good plight ſpeak in his favour; for, by G—d, if he had not been a non-ſuch, he could never have held out; for I worked him plaguy hard. This I may truly ſay, that no man ever croſſed a better nag. He might more juſtly be ſaid to fly than go; and yet, if you'll obſerve, he has not loſt much fleſh neither."

The inn-keeper ſwallowed the bait. "I muſt have been deceived in this horſe," ſaid he to himſelf; "he is much better than I imagined him to be." Before *Gooſequill* left the inn, my honeſt hoſt aſked him, if he ſhould help him to a chap for his horſe. "No," replied *Gooſequill*, "I do not much care to part with him; for ſhould I have occaſion for a horſe again, I do not know where I could meet with his fellow; though," added he, "were any one to take a fancy to the horſe, and offer me a handſome price, he ſhould go, though he were a ſecond *Bucephalus*. Aye," continued he, "I would even ſell myſelf, if anybody thought me worth their market."

He would now have taken his leave; but the inn-keeper had caught him faſt by the button, and would not ſuffer him to depart till he had fixed a price on his horſe. *Gooſequill* ſwore he would not ſell him, not even to his father, under twenty guineas. The inn-keeper was quite thunder-ſtruck; for he thought to buy him again for about half the price he had ſold him. He ſhook his head; and letting go the button, "God bleſs your ſoul, maſter," ſays he, "I cannot afford to give

half the money."—"As you pleaſe," replied *Gooſequill*, "I am very indifferent about the matter; for, as I told you before, I do not want to part with him." Having ſaid ſo, he left the inn, and returned home, in order to give the inſtructions neceſſary for carrying on his deſign.

Tom (for ſo this genius was vulgarly called) had not a whit more averſion to roguery than his maſter; ſo that, to ſum up his character in brief, we need only remind our readers of the proverb—"like maſter, like man." *Tom* being previouſly decorated with a laced waiſtcoat and a bag-wig of his maſter's, went to the inn; and calling for the landlord, told him he wanted a good ſtrong horſe, one that was capable of doing a deal of work. The hoſt ſhowed him ſeveral, which he defied him to match in *England*; but mentioned not a tittle in praiſe of *Gooſequill*'s horſe, becauſe he thought him a good one. *Tom*, to whom his maſter had deſcribed the horſe, and indicated the place where he ſtood, aſked if he was to be ſold; but the inn-keeper, deaf to his inquiry, continued to launch out into the praiſes of the others. *Tom*, according to his inſtructions, declared that he had taken a great liking to *Roſinante*; and repeated the queſtion whether he was to be ſold. "Why, yes," replied the inn-keeper, heſitating, and ſcratching his noddle; "but I fear you will be frightened at the price."—"What's beſt is cheapeſt," replied *Tom*. "The beaſt is a good one, according to my judgment; and a trifle ſhall not part us." The hoſt, finding what a tractable ſort of a cuſtomer he had to deal with, told him that the loweſt price was thirty guineas. *Tom* agreed to give him his price, and paid him a guinea earneſt to bind the bargain. Then calling to the hoſtler, gave him a ſhilling, and ordered him to give the horſe a feed of corn, ſaying he would return preſently with the remainder of the money, and take him away.

Tom having brought matters to this criſis, poſted home immediately, to inform his maſter that the bargain was ſtruck; who, having firſt booted himſelf, ſat out for the inn. When the inn-keeper came out to know what he wanted, "ſaddle my horſe immediately," cries he, "for I muſt ſet out directly upon buſineſs of the utmoſt importance, and have not a moment's time to loſe."—"Why, ſir," replied the inn-keeper, ſcratching his head, "you ſaid this morning, as how you ſhould not want him theſe four or five days."—"True," ſays the lawyer, "for I then knew nothing to the contrary. Here, hoſtler"—"Sir," ſays the inn-keeper, interrupting him, "you ſhall take your choice of all the other horſes I have in my ſtable; but you cannot poſſibly have your own, for I have juſt now diſpoſed of him."—"Diſpoſed of him, man! Zounds! what do you mean? Why, I would not have ſold him, at this critical juncture, for double his worth. Here am I retarded, by your imprudence, in an affair of the greateſt im-

portance." The hoſt, who was not the meekeſt tempered man in the world, began to vociferate in his turn. "Sir," ſaid he, telling out twenty guineas upon the table, "you ſet a value on your horſe, and I have ſold him. There is your money; and now you may do your worſe. D—n it! I am not to be bullied neither."

Gooſequill pocketed the caſh with much ſeeming reluctance; and the inn-keeper, to conſole him, promiſed to make him amends another time; and rejoiced not a little when he got rid of his gueſt; for he expected every moment that the buyer would return with the remainder of the purchaſe money; and congratulated himſelf upon his acquiſition of ten pieces with ſo little trouble. But the purchaſer never returned, from that day to this; and we dare anſwer for it, never will.

Sometime afterward, *Gooſequill* happened to meet the inn-keeper in the ſtreet. "Well, my honeſt friend," ſaid the lawyer, "I dare ſwear you made a pretty penny by the ſale of the horſe."—"No, by *Jove*, didn't I," replied the other; "the horſe is ſtill in my ſtable. The fellow never came again; ſome ſneaking ſcoundrel, I'll warrant, though he had the appearance of a gentleman."—"Well, well," ſays *Gooſequill*, "I cannot pity you, faith; 'twas a judgment upon you, for depriving me of ſo valuable a beaſt."—"Sir, he is ſtill at your ſervice," reſumed the inn-keeper. "'Tis too late," replied the lawyer; "the loſs of that horſe has made ſo ſenſible an impreſſion on me, that I have ſworn never more to deal in horſe-fleſh."

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE

ON THE

WEDDING NIGHT.

A YOUNG girl, an only child, was married to a young man in the neighbourhood; to which her parents had very gladly conſented, in order to keep her near them. The married couple were put to bed; and the huſband, after having conſummated the marriage, made a long diſcourſe to his rib on the duty of a wife, and the reciprocal love which the huſband and his wife ought to have for each other.

"They ought to be as one fleſh," ſaid he; "all things ſhould be common between them, even to their moſt ſecret thoughts. In ſhort, nothing ought to be concealed; and in order to ſet you a good example, I will tell you candidly of a

circumſtance, which I had rather ſpeak of myſelf than leave it for anybody elſe, as that might ſet us at variance with each other. It was about four years ago that I became enamoured of a young girl, who at length granted me the ſame favour which you could not refuſe me in your preſent ſituation. I did you no wrong in this, becauſe at that time I knew nothing of you, and conſequently had not promiſed you anything. In one word, I had a fine little boy by her, now about three years old, who is at nurſe at a friend's of mine in the country. If you are agreeable, and will promiſe not to ill uſe him, I will ſend for him home, by way of leſſening our expences."

He had no ſooner finiſhed his diſcourſe than his wife, without any preamble, anſwered him as follows: "My dear, as you have laid open your heart before me, I ſhould be of a very bad diſpoſition indeed not to treat you with the ſame frankneſs, particularly as you ſay we ought to be as though we had but one heart and ſoul between us, and hide nothing from each other.

"You muſt know then, that I alſo have a little girl, about two years old, who is out at nurſe as well as yours. A young man made me this preſent, under a promiſe of marriage; for otherwiſe I ſhould not have yielded to him; but the raſcal deceived me, and God will puniſh him for it. However, I conſole myſelf, as you are a better man than him. You cannot be offended with me, as I did not know you then, nor had promiſed you anything. I will ſend for my little one home alſo, if you think proper; and as they are both nearly of the ſame age, we will marry them, if you like, when they ſhall grow up, and give them ſuch part of our fortunes as we ſhall think proper."

The huſband was ſo ſupriſed at receiving an anſwer which he did not expect, that, without ſaying a ſingle word, he roſe and ran out, with nothing but his ſhirt on, into the yard; it being then the height of ſummer. There he found by chance the packſaddle of an aſs, which he put on his back, and cried, as loud as he could, "I am ſaddled."

The father-in-law, whom this noiſe had awaked out of his ſleep, on hearing him cry again ſeveral times "I am ſaddled," waked his wife, and told her that their ſon-in-law had left his wife in bed, and was crying out "I am ſaddled;" adding, "go and ſee into the meaning of this. She muſt have been fooliſh enough to tell him ſome ſecret that has drove him mad."

The good woman ſoon ſlipped on her petticoat and ſlippers, and hobbled to her daughter's bedchamber; which ſhe no ſooner entered, than ſhe ſhut the door after her; where the old man, who was deſirous of knowing what had paſſed, arrived a moment after; and finding it ſhut, placed himſelf, in order to liſten, with his ear againſt the key-hole. The good woman, who had delivered her daughter without any one knowing it,

demanded to know what ſhe had ſaid to her huſband, to make him cry out in the manner he did. "I have given him, my dear mother, only confidence for confidence," replied the girl; and then related the whole of their diſcourſe, not forgetting the long diſſertation on the duties of the marriage ſtate; and concluded by ſaying, ſhe had done nothing to put him out of temper.

"How! blockhead!" exclaimed her mother. "Art thou not aſhamed of having divulged your ſecret? He ought to be the laſt perſon to know it. Is it poſſible you could be ſo ignorant as not to know the importance of keeping ſuch an affair to yourſelf? Why, I had had four or five children when I married your father; which he knows nothing of to this day."

The old man, whom, as we have already ſaid, was liſtening at the door, was very much aſtoniſhed at hearing a circumſtance of which he had never the leaſt miſtruſt, and went in ſearch of his ſon-in-law, whom he found ſtill crying "I am ſaddled;" to which he replied, "I am horned."

After relating their misfortunes to each other, for which as they could find no remedy, neceſſity compelled them to put up with this conſolatory remark, that cuckoldſhip is one of thoſe events which would not be an evil, were we ignorant of it; and indeed it would be much better to remain in ignorance than to become knowing to our own coſt; and thoſe who amuſe themſelves in hearing what others ſay of them, reſemble thoſe people who, looking after anything loſt with a light, often find more than they ſought for.

THE

HUMOROUS MILLER.

IN days of yore, when every petty lord of a manor aſſumed the authority of a ſovereign, and held his tenants and other dependants in the moſt ſervile ſtate of dejection, lived a lord, of a moſt cruel and revengeful temper, who ſeemed to take a pleaſure in tormenting every one about him; even honeſt *Mumbletext*, the parſon of the pariſh, could not eſcape the rage of his malice.

Mumbletext, it ſeems, was much addicted to the ſtudy of aſtrology; and, in order to render himſelf a man of importance among his pariſhioners, pretended to prognoſticate the various changes of the weather. In general, his predictions were falſe; but ſometimes, by chance, they happened to prove true; and *Mumbletext* ſoon gained ſo great a reputation among the igno-

rant and vulgar, that it paſſed for current in the village that the parſon was a magician, and dealt with *Old Nick*. This at length reached the ears of the lord, who, glad of an opportunity to indulge his ill-nature, ſent for the parſon.

Mumbletext, who had been but lately inducted to the living, had never yet had the honour of appearing before his lord; he therefore put on his beſt gown and band on the occaſion, and waited on him, not without ſome diffidence, for he was perfectly well acquainted with his character. "Well, goodman parſon," ſaid the lord, "I have been informed that you are a great adept in the black art, and that you pretend to pry into futurity."—"Pardon me, ſir," replied the parſon, "I do indeed take great delight in the ſtudy of judicial aſtrology; and may chance to foretel ſometimes, by a minute obſervation of the conjunction and influence of the planets, the various changes of the weather."

"It ſignifies nothing talking," ſaid the lord, reſolving to gratify his malice; "it is in every perſon's mouth that you are a magician; therefore, unleſs you expound four queſtions which I ſhall put to you, I will order you to be ſcourged through the village as an infamous impoſtor."

The poor parſon, trembling and half dead with the fright, wiſhed to offer ſomething farther in his defence; but the lord refuſed to hear him. "'Tis to no manner of purpoſe to argue the caſe," ſaid he; "I will admit of no medium. You have your choice to expound or be whipped; and you muſt reſolve upon one or the other immediately. The four queſtions of which I require the ſolution are as follow. Firſt, whereabouts is the exact middle of the world? Secondly, how much am I worth? Thirdly, what do I think? and fourthly, what do I believe?"

In vain did poor *Mumbletext* proteſt, that he knew no more where the middle of the world was than the man in the moon; and that it was in the power of God alone to read into the ſecrets of a man's heart."—"No," replied the lord; "you impoſe upon the ignorant by your impoſtures; but do not imagine to treat me in the ſame manner. You muſt either give me the ſatisfaction I demand, or confeſs that you are an arrant cheat; and ſubmit to the chaſtiſement due to your demerits." The parſon, finding that all his arguments were of no effect, deſired, in order to gain time, that he would be pleaſed to allow him to the next morning to conſult the planets; which was granted.

Poor *Mumbletext* trudged homeward with an heavy heart, and a ſorrowful countenance, revolving in his mind the puniſhment he was threatened with; and imagined every now and then he felt the whip on his back.

The miller of the village, a very arch, droll kind of a fellow, happened to meet him; and perceiving him look ſo de-

jected and melancholy, took the liberty of inquiring into the cauſe; for the parſon and he were intimates, and had often cracked a bottle of ale together. *Mumbletext*, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, informed him, in a plaintive voice, of the misfortune that had befallen him, and of the diſgrace he muſt inevitably ſuffer next morning; ſeeing it was impoſſible, either for him or any one elſe, to reſolve the queſtions propoſed. "Pooh! pooh! man," ſaid the miller, "never make yourſelf uneaſy upon that account; lend me your caſſock and band, and I'll go in your ſtead with all my heart; he never ſaw me in his life, and has ſeen you but once; ſo that I ſhall eaſily paſs muſter; and let me alone for giving him an anſwer." *Mumbletext*, who knew the miller to be a ſenſible clever fellow, thought he could not truſt his cauſe in better hands; he therefore very thankfully agreed to the propoſal; and ſent him his canonicals as ſoon as he got home.

The next morning, the miller dreſſed himſelf in the parſon's canonicals, and made as grave an appearance as any clergyman whatever; for he had a full round belly of his own, a face as ſleek and as ruddy as an apple; and wit enough, although he could neither talk Latin nor chop logic, to poſe any two parſons in the country. When he arrived at the manor-houſe, he deſired a ſervant to acquaint his lord, that the parſon of the pariſh had taken the liberty of waiting on him, in order to ſatisfy him in regard to ſome queſtions he had propoſed the preceding day. The lord, who had juſt riſen, and was dreſſing himſelf, hearing the parſon was come, ordered him up ſtairs immediately. "Well, friend," ſaid he, "I ſuppoſe you are going to harp upon the old ſtring—that it is not in your power to give me the ſatisfaction I demanded. I am therefore reſolved to make an example of you; here, ſervant, prepare the inſtruments of correction."—"My lord," anſwered the miller, "I am ready, at the peril of my life, to expound the difficulties you propoſed."—"We ſhall ſoon ſee that," ſaid the lord; "and, to begin, tell me whereabout the exact middle of the world is."—"I am not only ready to tell you where it is, ſir," ſaid the miller, "but will alſo ſhow it to you, if you think proper; and that in leſs than a quarter of an hour, for it is ſituated not above two hundred paces from your houſe."—"Aye, indeed," quoth the lord, "I ſhall be glad to ſee it."

The miller immediately conducted him into a neighbouring plain; and having meaſured and re-meaſured the ground with a ſtick, which he had brought with him for the purpoſe, "there, ſir," ſaid he, ſticking his ſtick into the ground, "is the exact middle of the earth."—"How do you prove your aſſertion to be true?" ſaid the lord. "Ah! ſir," replied the miller, "cauſe it to be meaſured; and if I have erred, even in the breadth of an hair, I ſubmit to forfeit my life." The

lord, who had not conſidered the impoſſibility of detecting the falſehood, thought he might as well give up the argument, ſince it was not in his power to prove the contrary. "Well, friend," reſumed he, "I am content to depend upon your veracity; but to the ſecond. Can you tell me what I am worth?" "Why, ſir," replied the miller, "our Saviour, who, without diſparagement, was worth ſomething more than you are, was ſold for thirty deniers. If I value you at twenty-nine, ſure you can have no reaſon to complain."—"No, truly," replied the lord, who began to be pleaſed with the ſmartneſs of his repartee; "and if you can reſolve me as well what I think of, I ſhall have no reaſon to repent it."—"In truth, ſir," ſays the miller, "I dare venture an even wager, that you think more of your own profit than of mine; and ſo, I think, I have anſwered your queſtion."—"A pleaſant fellow, indeed," quoth the lord, ſmiling; "but what anſwer will you make to the fourth? Can you tell me what I believe?"—"Yes, ſir," replied the miller. "Is it not true, that you believe me to be the parſon of the pariſh?"—"Undoubtedly," anſwered the lord. "And yet," continued he, "I am only the miller of the village."—"Whoever you be," quoth the lord, whom the miller's wit had rendered better humoured than uſual, "you are a very humorous pleaſant fellow; and your converſation has afforded me the higheſt entertainment. From this day, you ſhall always meet with a hearty welcome at the manor-houſe; and for your ſake, I conſent to remit the parſon's puniſhment."

THE

ADVENTURES OF SCARAMOUCH.

SCARAMOUCH being arrived at *Rome* in the month of *December*, where the north wind is felt more ſeverely than in any other place in *Italy*; and having only a little ſilk cloak, which covered him behind (his father having driven him from *Naples* becauſe he made too free with his fingers), began to conſider how he ſhould defend himſelf from cold and hunger, whom he looked upon as his greateſt enemies.

Being encamped for this purpoſe cloſe to the ſhop of a ſnuff-merchant near to the *Place de Navonne*, he requeſted a pinch from every one who came out, after having purchaſed ſuch ſnuff as ſuited their fancy; and putting his four fingers and thumb into their ſnuff-box, he took enough of it to fill a little gourd bottle, which he kept concealed under his cloak.

After having got in this manner, during the day, his bottle full of orange-flower, Straſbourgh, bergamot, and jaſmin, he reſold it, in the evening, at a low price, to the ſame ſhop-keeper; who diſcovering, by the ſmell, the mixture *Scaramouch* had made, called it "the thouſand flower ſnuff."

He had juſt left the ſhop, when one of the *Swiſs* guards belonging to the Pope, having bought ſome ſnuff in the ſame ſhop, was coming from it with his ſnuff-box open; when *Scaramouch* attempted to introduce his fingers, as before; but the *Swiſs* finding himſelf offended with his proceeding, became furiouſly enraged againſt him, calling him ſeveral times *thief*, and menacing him with his fiſt. *Scaramouch*, fearful of being killed, aſked his pardon, with a thouſand groteſque grimaces; which the *Swiſs* conſtruing into a new affront, gave him ſeveral blows with his halberd, which tore his poor ſilk cloak and bruiſed his ſhoulders; and then he left him.

Scaramouch, who was very little ſatisfied with the incivility of the *Swiſs*, and fearful of meeting with ſomething worſe, left *Rome*, and went to *Civita-Vecchia*.

He had no ſooner arrived at this town, than he went to walk on the quay; where ſeeing two *Turkiſh* ſlaves counting over a conſiderable ſum of money, which they had gained by their induſtry, he cunningly tore off the flap of his ſhirt, and placed it in the room of the linen wherein the ſlaves uſed to wrap up their money, ſo neatly, that the *Turks*, not having the leaſt miſtruſt, replaced their treaſure in the rag before them.

As they were about to retire, *Scaramouch*, who was going to ſleep at the Sun, not far from them, followed; and ſpying his opportunity, began all on a ſudden to cry out, "O! murder! murder! thieves! thieves!" as if he had been aſſaulted; and ſeizing them by their ſleeves, delivered them into the hands of the patrole, who took them all three before the judge.

Scaramouch, when they had got there, accuſed the two ſlaves of having robbed him of his money, which he had put into the fore-flap of his ſhirt. The judge having interrogated him on the number and value of the pieces thus ſtolen, *Scaramouch* gave ſo exact an account, particularly in ſhowing the place from whence he had tore the linen, that the judge, no longer doubting the truth of his aſſertion, condemned the *Turks* to render him back the money, and cauſed them to be puniſhed as robbers.

Scaramouch after this adventure, thinking himſelf a gentleman, dreſſed in the moſt magnificent manner; and hiring a valet, immediately ſet off for *Lombardy*.

In their way to that town, diſcourſing together, *Scaramouch* was imprudent enough to make his ſervant acquainted with the cauſe of his leaving his father, the accident which he had at *Rome*, and his adventure with the two ſlaves; which narration filled up the time until they came to an inn by the

road ſide, where they arrived juſt as the evening was beginning to ſet in.

Our adventurer ſpared for nothing to appeaſe an appetite the moſt voracious in the world. He ate and drank ſo much, that he was obliged to be carried from the table to bed, where he lay a long time ſnoring, like one of the great pipes of the pariſh organ.

The valet, ſeeing his maſter ſo overcome with ſleep that all the cannons of the adjoining arſenal would not be able to wake him, took his breeches from under his bolſter; and ſecuring all the reſt of his equipage, decamped ſuddenly out of a window which opened into a lane at the back of the inn.

Poor *Scaramouch* waking ſoon after, found himſelf as deſtitute as ever; thus proving, that riches ill come by are moſt commonly ill-ſpent. He cried, ſwore, and raved like a madman; but in the end was obliged to bear it with patience, as it was an evil that could not be remedied.

His landlord taking compaſſion on him, gave him an old ſcurvy robe of one of his ſlaves to cover him, and let him ſleep there another night for pity. *Scaramouch* however ſtole, by way of repaying him for his kindneſs, the next day his pot-hanger, which had been a chain belonging to a galley-ſlave; and thus habited, took his route toward *Acona*, aſking alms of every one he met.

"Good chriſtians," ſaid he to thoſe he accoſted, "for heaven's ſake take compaſſion on a poor ſlave, redeemed from the hands of the *Turks*, who has undergone the ſevereſt tortures for the ſake of chriſtianity," accompanying his ſpeech with ſuch moving and pitiable geſtures, together with an abundance of crocodile tears, that very few were able to paſs him without giving ſomething; and he took ſo great a liking to that way of life, on account of the ſucceſs he met with, that he would not have quitted it ſo ſoon as he did had it not been for an accident which happened to him on his arrival at *Acona*, where there chanced to be at that time three gallies from *Naples*. However, to make ſhort of the ſtory, the taſk-maſter of one of them perceiving *Scaramouch* in his ſlave's habit following his new trade with the greateſt induſtry, ſeized him by his collar, and exclaimed, "ſo, knave! infamous thief! thou thought it was poſſible to eſcape from juſtice; but, God be thanked, I have you, villain, at laſt, thou moſt infamous of all raſcals."

Scaramouch raiſed his eyes to heaven, and made the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations of his innocence, but to no purpoſe; for the unfeeling ſlave-driver led him, amid an immenſe concourſe of ſpectators, aboard one of the gallies; where, after he had made him undergo the dreadful puniſhment of the baſtinado, he placed him in a row with the other ſlaves, to work along with them at the oar.

The captain of the galley being come on board ſoon after,

the taſk-maſter flew to inform him of his having had the good fortune to recover a *Neapolitan* ſlave, who had ran away about two months back along with five others. The captain ordered the poor devil to be brought before him; when he found indeed that *Scaramouch* was very much like the *Neapolitan* ſlave which he had loſt; but as ſoon as he ſpoke, he declared he was not the perſon, ſet him at liberty, and gave him a few pieces of money to indemnify him for the blows he had ſo lately received.

Scaramouch left the galley with a heavy heart, curſing within himſelf the cruel cauſe of his late misfortune; and as ſoon as he was on ſhore, ſeeing the danger he had ſo nearly eſcaped of being confined all his life to the oar, went directly to a ſhop kept by a Jew, where he bought another dreſs, and quitted, though with regret, the profeſſion of a mendicant ſlave, to follow his old trade of living by his wits in a ſecurer way.

THE

UNFORTUNATE SPANIARD.

A CERTAIN *Spaniard*, whoſe name was don *DiegoPapocampeſhe Alvarado Gonzalez*, took it into his head one day to take a journey to *France*, as he had heard it called the paradiſe for ſtrangers, the abode of the muſes, the ſchool of the arts, and the mother of wit; but being dreſſed rather extravagantly, he was hiſſed and laughed at wherever he came, becauſe they had never ſeen ſo ridiculous a figure before.

In the firſt place he had a hat nearly a cubit high, made in the ſhape of a ſugar loaf, capariſoned with plumes of cock's feathers, after the faſhion of the muleteers of *Auvergne*; his ruff was in circumference about two ells and a half, bearing the appearance of a mill-ſtone round the neck of an aſs; his doublet was ſcarlet, which had grown faded in the ſervice of more than ſix kings; his breeches were of *Turkey* damaſk, whoſe colour had loſt its luſtre during the ten years he had worn them on all occaſions; his ſilk ſtockings, which were grey, ſhowed by their mending they had been in being nearly half an age; as for his ſhoes, they had paſſed before all the coblers in *Madrid*, in order to be tranſlated; his cloak had ſerved formerly, as the ſtory goes, for a morning-gown to the firſt groom of the ſtable to the ſultan of *Babylon*; it was made of black cloth, ſet off with cord by way of lace round it; his ſword, the terror of chickens, was a poliſhed iron ſpit; he had his whiſkers turned up over his eye-brows; which, together with

the enormous ſize of his poignard, ſeemed to threaten both heaven and earth with deſtruction.

In this pleaſant and laughable trim he made his *entre* at *Paris*, well aſſured that the *Pariſians* would be raviſhed with the elegance of his appearance; but he was no ſooner arrived at the *Fauxbourg de St. Jacques*, than a train of children, ſhopmen, and apprentices, began to abuſe, and call after him, *a madman! a madman!* but all this clamour could not make him loſe the leaſt morſel of his gravity. Nevertheleſs, as he drew near the gates, the people raiſed ſuch an uproar, that you would have thought the town had been on fire; which ſo filled don *Diego* with affright, that I hear he was very near fouling his breeches.

To mend the matter, ſome pages and lacqueys having looked him in the face, redoubled their ſhouts; one threw dirt, while another pulled him by his cloak. At length, ſeeing himſelf ſo ill uſed by the mob, he ruſhed into the firſt houſe which he found open, hoping that he ſhould be able to find there an aſylum; but, on the contrary, it only increaſed his misfortunes; for the houſe was inſtantly ſurrounded by the rabble, who ſo pelted him with ſtones that he was forced to make his eſcape through a back court, where by chance he met two or three boys playing at cricket, who, ſeeing this ſcare-crow of a hemp-field, bawled out in ſo terrible a manner that their cries alarmed the whole neighbourhood; and their parents coming forthwith, on ſeeing this new and ſtrange figure, began to flout and make game of him; upon which, the poor devil fell on his knees, and implored their mercy; but this only added to their mirth, as they did not underſtand one word of all that he ſaid.

But the conſtable being informed of all this riot, came with four or five ſerjeants in order to releaſe him from the mob, who had nearly ſacrificed him to their brutal mirth, and commanded them all to retire to their reſpective homes, on pain of being impriſoned for breaking the peace. They made ſome ſhow of obeying him; but as ſoon as don *Diego* made his re-appearance in the ſtreet, a band of all ſorts of people gathered together again, who began to purſue him more ſtrongly then before, and to load him with a thouſand indignities. During this unparalleled uproar, two old women, having had a quarrel together, ſeized each other by the hair, and frequently in their falls diſcloſed to view that which nature had deſtined to be a ſecret; which new ſpectacle fortunately engaged and drew off part of don *Diego's* retinue. As ſoon as he ſaw this, he began to run; and at length gained a church; but this was only jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, and the cauſe of a new perſecution; for a heap of beggars, who were ſitting on the ſteps, burſt into ſuch a thundering peal of laughter, on ſeeing him, as obliged thoſe who were attending to the maſs,

to turn round in order to ſee what was the matter; when, on ſeeing a perſon ſo curiouſly equipped, the laughter became general, and was ſo loud that the ſervice was totally ſuſpended; at which don *Diego* was filled with aſtoniſhment on ſeeing that even the ſanctity of the place could not prevent them from indulging their mirth at his expence, and knew not what to ſay. However, he went directly to conceal himſelf in the nook of a little chapel; where he entered into the profoundeſt extacy; and he turned up his eyes like a duck at thunder. His devotion finiſhed, he came out of the church, in order to go to his lodging; but was no ſooner got into the ſtreet, than a whole legion of little children ſurrounded him, and began afreſh to ſhout and pour down a ſhower of ſuch filth on him as is moſt commonly found in the kennels in the ſtreet.

At length, this miſerably tormented creature, ſeeing himſelf thus perſecuted, became as one beſide himſelf, and knew not where to go, in order to be in ſafety.

He reſolved, however, notwithſtanding the crowd of people, who impeded him in ſome degree, to paſs on to the market-hall, near which his inn "the Crown of France" was ſituated; when, as he increaſed his pace, he met a young woman with a child in her arms full but, whom he threw heels over head, and ran on without looking behind him; which cauſed him to receive a freſh ſhower of hodge-potch from the hands of his truſty followers about his ears.

Being arrived in the market-place, as ſoon as the huckſters and fiſhwomen, who had never ſeen ſuch a pantagruelle, beheld him, they began to ſing out in the moſt injurious manner, and to let fly at him ſome of their damaged ware. One threw a bunch of ſtale turnips at his head; another flapped the tail of a ſtinking fiſh full in his face; an old apple-woman embroidered his cloak with rotten apples; while another charged him with ſome old ſpoiled oranges. Indeed it excited the greateſt pity to ſee him uſed in this manner.

But the moſt laughable circumſtance was that of a woman who ſtood arguing about the weight of ſome cheeſe, who was ſo tranſported at ſeeing this remarkable perſonage that ſhe got a fall backward, in turning to ſee him, over a baſket which contained four or five dozen of new-laid eggs, which ſhe broke without leaving one whole; at which the unfortunate *Spaniard*, in ſpite of his misfortunes, could not help laughing heartily, ſeeing ſo fine an omelet made with her bottom. However, he paid dearly for it; for this ill-fated woman gathered up the fragments of her eggs, and made him a complete maſk; upon which ſeveral others followed her example, and bedaubed him ſo well, that his face, cloak, ruff, and his *tout enſemble*, ſeemed as though it had been dyed of the colour of ſaffron; from which cruel ſcene he was luckily removed by his landlord, who conveyed him in ſafety to his houſe; from whence

the *Spaniard* ſet out on his journey home, fully determined to diſſuade his countrymen from viſiting *Paris*, on account of the ill reception he met with.

THE

GHOST.

THE illuſtrious houſe of *Hohenloe* has many branches, each of which are ſovereigns in their own eſtates. A young count of that family being ſent by his father to *Paris*, with a view of giving him an opportunity of improving his manners by obtaining the poliſh of *France*, arrived there with a number of domeſtics. He had a bill of credit for ten thouſand crowns drawn on a banker, who had enriched himſelf in the ſervice of that houſe; but, in order to be more at liberty, the young count took a furniſhed apartment. A young officer of a noble family had alſo taken a lodging in the ſame houſe; he was briſk, ſprightly, and had an inexhauſtible ſource of humour. He ſoon took notice of our *German* count; and remarking he had ſtill the ruſt of his antient *Teutonic* caſtle, reſolved to give him ſome leſſons of debauchery.

The young *Hohenloe*, on becoming the muſqueteer's pupil, made a rapid progreſs in a little time. The preceptor, after a ſerious application on the theſes of what is eſſentially beautiful, invented a coat in a new taſte; and the diſciple had like to have thrown his taylor out of the window becauſe he brought him home one which was not exactly like that of his illuſtrious pedagogue. But, alas! it ſoon became neceſſary for them to part. The young count died; and the muſqueteer had not the ſmalleſt inclination to follow him.

The count *Hohenloe*, on his death-bed, gave the muſqueteer his letter-caſe, and the keys of his cheſt, to deliver them to his banker, whom the infatuation of his pleaſures had prevented him from ſeeing. He had made no uſe of his bills of credit, as death had not given him time to ſpend the ready money he had brought with him. The poor young man having given his laſt ſigh, the muſqueteer made the neceſſary preparations for his funeral. While things were in this ſituation, there arrived two *Engliſh* noblemen at the ſame houſe. They were placed in a chamber adjoining to that in which the dead body was laid, and out of which it had been removed. They could only allow one bed for them both, all the others being engaged; but as the weather was cold, and they were friends, they made no difficulty of lying together.

In the middle of the night, one of the two not being able to ſleep, aroſe, in order to amuſe himſelf in the kitchen, where he heard ſome people talking. He had diverted himſelf there for ſome time; when being willing to return from whence he came, he again went up ſtairs; but, inſtead of entering his own chamber, went into that of the deceaſed count, over whoſe face they had only thrown a cloth. There is not ſo much ceremony uſed in *France* in the management of their dead as in *England* and *Germany*. The *Engliſh* nobleman, having put out his candle, laid down boldly by the defunct; when creeping as cloſe to him as poſſible, in order to warm himſelf, and finding his bedfellow colder than uſual, began to mutter: "What the devil's the matter, my friend? you are as cold as ice. I will lay a wager, numbed as you are, you would have been warm enough if you had but ſeen the pretty girl that is below ſtairs. Come, you may take my word for it," added he, pulling him by the arm, "come, zounds! ſtir. I'll engage you ſhall have her for a guinea." While he was holding this fine converſation with the dead, his chamber-door was opened, which made him raiſe his head from the pillow to ſee who was coming in. But judge what muſt be his ſurpriſe, when he ſaw a ſervant lighting in a joiner, who carried a coffin on his ſhoulders! He thought at firſt that he had been in a dream; but looking about him, and ſeeing the viſage of one who had not ſpoke a word, a viſage overſpread with a mortal paleneſs, he made but one jump from the bed into the middle of the chamber. The joiner and the maid were immediately perſuaded that it was the corpſe; who, being unwilling to be ſhut up in the coffin, was now playing his gambols. Their legs were unable to move with a ſwiftneſs proportionable to their fear; and the joiner, maid, coffin, and candleſtick rolled one over another from the top of the ſtairs down into the kitchen. "Zounds! what are you all about?" cried the landlord. "What! is the devil flying away with the dead man?"—"Mercy on us!" cried the maid, quite chap-fallen, "it is rather the dead man has a mind to run away with us." "I am the ſon of a bitch," ſaid the joiner, "if that dead man there has any more occaſion for a coffin than I have. Why, he is got into the middle of the room, and had juſt ſtruck up a hornpipe."—"The devil he has!" cried the landlord, taking a light, "faith, we will ſoon ſee that."

While all the family were trembling and getting ready to follow the maſter of the houſe, the *Engliſh* nobleman, who had found again his chamber, had ſlipped into bed, quite out of breath; and his friend having aſked him where he had been, he told him that he had juſt been lying with a dead body. "'Sblood! a dead body! It perhaps had the plague," ſaid he, jumping in his ſhirt out of bed, and running to the door to call for a light. The landlord, the landlady, and ſervants,

who were paſſing through the gallery, no ſooner ſaw him, than they imagined it was the dead man who appeared again. What confuſion! what ſhrieks! what clamours! The *Engliſhman*, terrified at the hideous noiſe, ran into his room, and ſlipped into bed to his companion, without the leaſt fear of catching the plague. In the mean time, an honeſt country prieſt, who lodged in the inn, got up, and appeared armed with holy water, and a long broom inſtead of a little bruſh. He made his aſperſions, and the conjurations preſcribed by the *Romiſh* church, and conducted, by way of proceſſion, the terrified trembling people into the chamber of the defunct; who, thinking no harm, lay quietly in bed. The prieſt was inſtantly regarded as a ſaint, who had bound the corpſe to its good behaviour, and prevented its being refractory.

The muſqueteer arrived at the time appointed for the funeral. Twenty voices at a time related to him the dead man's behaviour in the night; and he was of too humorous a diſpoſition not to ſtrengthen ſtill more the frightful ideas they had imbibed.

The funeral being performed, and the prieſt, ſexton, ſervants, and landlord paid, the muſqueteer went two days after to pay a viſit to the banker. He ſent in word that he came by the deſire of the count de *Hohenloe*, as it was natural he ſhould, to deliver up his effects; but the good man underſtood that this was that young lord himſelf. He had been extremely impatient to ſee him, and we may eaſily imagine with what tender eagerneſs he ran to the perſon he took for him, as well as the aſtoniſhment of the muſqueteer to find himſelf ſtifled in the arms of the old man, whom he ſuſpected of being arrived at his years of dotage. What a ſtrange incident! He at laſt diſcovered the banker was under a miſtake, and had taken him for the count; on which he reſolved to perſonate him, and to form his behaviour on the error of the people at the inn, as to his return from the other world. He therefore thus addreſſed him: "Sir, I am a dead man. I died in the city of *Rouen*, and am buried in St. *Euſtache*'s church-yard. If you deſire a fuller proof of it, here is my letter-caſe, which I have brought with me, with a bill of credit for ten thouſand crowns. Here is alſo a purſe, in which are thirty louis d'ors. You muſt be ſenſible that a young man, if he was not dead, would not tender you this money, ſince that is a thing he can never have too much of; but at preſent, inſtead of money, wine, and women (who are very handſome at *Paris*), I have occaſion for nothing but prayers."

At theſe words the pretended deceaſed made his eſcape from the banker, who almoſt reſolved to run after him, and was left in very great aſtoniſhment at ſuch a viſit. As to the wife, ſhe was extremely terrified; ſhe maintained that they had been talking with a ſpirit, and confirmed this opinion by aſſerting

that when he went out he had eyes of fire. The banker, on his ſide, inſiſted that his wife was a fool; and that by ſome accident or other, unknown to him, the count had loſt his ſenſes; and therefore, to ſatisfy himſelf on this point, went to get better information at the city of *Rouen*.

As ſoon as they arrived at the place, he aſked the miſtreſs of the houſe to tell him where he might ſee the count de *Hohenloe*. "Alas!" replied ſhe, in a doleful tone, "he is dead, and is buried in St. *Euſtache*." At the word *Euſtache*, the banker ſtarted, and continued ſhrunk all of a heap; but at laſt recovering himſelf, he followed the good woman into the chamber where the deceaſed had been laid; when the firſt thing that ſtruck his ſight was a coat like that in which the muſqueteer had appeared at his houſe, and which the young count had ordered to be made in imitation of it. There needed no more to convince the banker that the count was really dead. "Bleſs me, madam!" ſaid he to the landlady, "look! ſee! there's the coat he had on when he came to bring me this letter-caſe, and theſe keys."—"O lord have mercy!" cried ſhe, joining her hands, "he walks ſtill then. The poor young man ſuffers ſorely; aye, and I will warrant has great need of prayers. It is theſe curſed ladies of *Paris* that have thruſt him into purgatory."—"Explain yourſelf, madam," ſaid the old man; "did he appear in your houſe as well as in mine?"—"Appear! aye marry did he!" replied the hoſteſs; "why, we really thought that, the evening before he was buried, he would have turned the houſe upſide down, and that we ſhould never have been able to get him into his grave."

The banker no ſooner returned home, than ſinking into an arm-chair, he continued looking wildly at his wife. She was terrified, and did not ceaſe importuning him with her queſtions. At laſt he cried out, "There is nothing more true than that he is dead, and walks about everywhere. I have ſeen the coat he had on when he came here."—"Oh! oh!" cried the banker's wife, ſeeking for her gloves and her muff, "no longer will I ſtay in this houſe, ſince it is haunted by dead ghoſts!"

This ſaid, ſhe ran to communicate her fears and apprehenſions to a neighbour. The miſtreſs of the lodging, on her ſide, ſet up her throat againſt her huſband, telling him that ſhe would ſtay no longer in a houſe where ſhe was expoſed to the inſults of the dead.

As to the muſqueteer, he hugged himſelf; and it was comical enough to hear him inquire into the circumſtances of an affair of which he was the hero; taking care, however, not to appear before the banker.

FINIS.

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